No. 1533.—Vol. 59

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

October 18, 1890

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

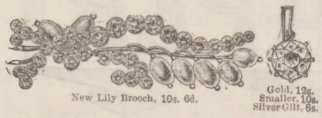
London: Printed and Published at the Office, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex, by Thomas Fox, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, aforesaid.

LITTLE MISS SUNSHINE LIGHTENS THE FIRST LONDON FOG OF THE SEASON.

THE FAULKNER DIAMOND.

REGISTERED.

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD AS THE FINEST STONES EVER PRODUCED.



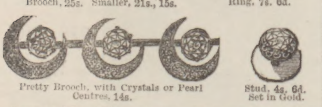
New Lily Brooch. 10s. 6d. Gold, 12s. Smaller, 10s. Silver Gilt, 6s.

21s.

Gold—Pin, 8s. Stud, 8s. Smaller, 5s. 6d. Gold, 8s. Smaller, 5s. Pendant, 12s. Moonstone and Diamonds, 4s. 6d.

21s. Gold, 21s.

Brooch, 25s. Smaller, 21s., 15s. Gold Bangle Ring, 7s. 6d.



Pretty Brooch, with Crystals or Pearl Centres, 14s. Stud, 4s. 6d. Set in Gold.

These magnificent Stones are set in GOLD, and made by most experienced workmen; detection impossible, and I defy the BEST JUDGES to tell them from DIAMONDS. The brilliancy and lustre are most marvellous, and equal to Brilliants worth TWENTY GUINEAS, the Stones being real Crystals, and splendidly faceted. They will resist every possible diamond test. Much worn for Court and other occasions. Testimonials from all parts of the world. These stones are rapidly gaining great reputation, and have been awarded Three Prize Medals from the great Exhibitions. The Public are earnestly invited to INSPECT our marvellous selection now ON VIEW, which astonishes all Visitors. Catalogues Post Free.

NOTICE.—These stones cannot possibly be had elsewhere at any price, and are only to be obtained of the Sole Importer and Manufacturer—ARTHUR O. FAULKNER, 167, REGENT ST., LONDON, W. Established 1860. Two doors from Burlington-street.

NOTE.—No Agents Employed.

*** NOTE.—Beware of Worthless Imitations and Copies of my Engravings.

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.

The present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise — frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that sugar, pink or chemically coloured sherbet, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or whisky largely diluted with soda-water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver: it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"; therefore no family should ever be without it.

CAUTION.—Examine each bottle and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless and occasionally poisonous imitation.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

PREPARED ONLY AT

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS,

LONDON, S.E.,

BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

THE PHONOGRAPH USEFUL.

McMackin: "Didn't yez phromise me th' p'sition av dog-drowner if I supported yez?"

Alderman O'Fenelly: "Oi did not."

McMackin: "Hivin bless th' phunograph! Listen t' th' wurruds yez said."

"Cleaning Silver."—All difficulty in keeping silver, electro-plate, &c., untarnished and with a brilliant polish, may be obviated by using Goddard's Non-Mercurial Plate-Powder. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. Five gold medals awarded.—[Advt.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Artistic and Literary communications for this Journal should be addressed to the Editor of The Penny Illustrated Paper, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, Thomas Fox, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

PERSONAL POLITICS

Professor Thorold Rogers.

I do not think I ever felt a greater sense of loss at the death of any public man than at the news that Professor Thorold Rogers was no more. It was not that I knew him very intimately, though he was a constant member of a circle of which I have long formed a part, but his personality was so fresh and inspiring, his talk so vigorous, and his manner so peculiar to himself, that his death seems to remove from my circle a very considerable social interest. People who know Mr. Gladstone will often say that he is the most interesting talker of the age. That, I think, is a mistake, arising from the intense attraction which his personality possesses for those who know and love him. In reality, he is not a good talker. He is a trifle too verbose to be a really first-class talker. He talks too much and too monotonously. Professor Thorold Rogers had the same quality of absorbing the conversation, and of drawing all ears and eyes on to the strange figure with its blazing grey eyes and arch-like forehead, which was pouring forth epigrams, satire, humour, and invective in one tumultuous flood of words. But the charm of Professor Rogers's conversation was its variety, its caustic humour, and its knowledge of all sorts and sides of life. His conversation was sometimes a little coarse, and his stories were occasionally of a character which were more popular thirty years ago than to-day. But where there was roughness there never was malice, and through it all there shone a genuine light of humanity, a sincere goodness of heart, and a vigorous contempt for meanness, oppression, dishonour, and vulgar cant.

Professor Rogers was one of the most extraordinary learned men of the generation. He was a scholar of the old type, and I have often seen him sit down at his desk and run off a Greek and Latin epigram in less time than it takes me to write this paragraph. He knew more about certain aspects of mediæval life, more especially the life of the artisans and the agricultural labourers, than any man of his age, and he excelled in deciphering the badly written thirteenth or fourteenth century manuscripts. To my mind, he has thrown more light on the

Economic History of England

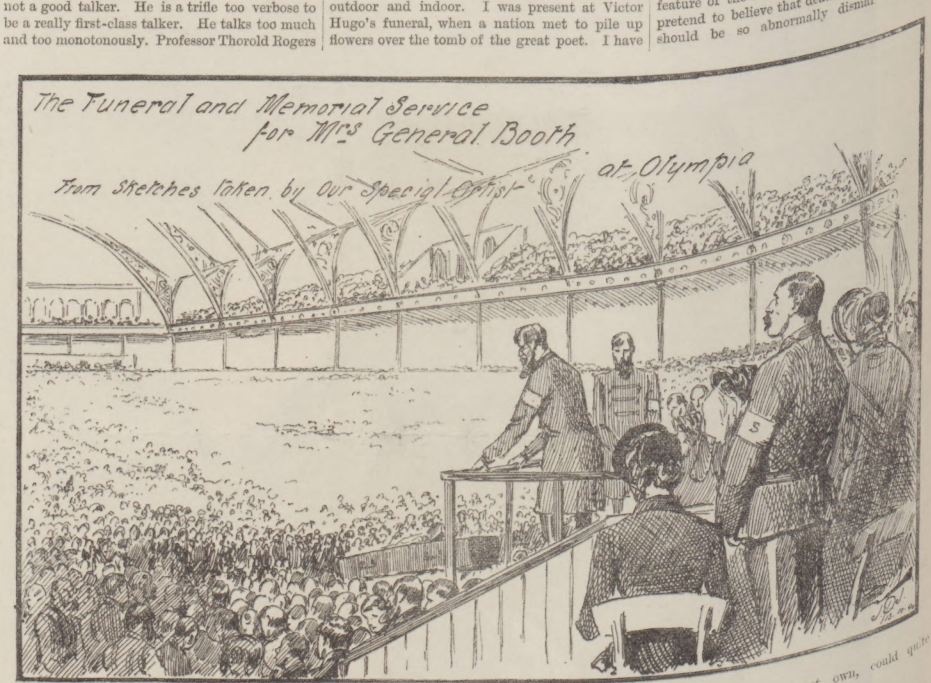
than all the historians put together. At Oxford his rather aggressive manners and his vigorous enunciation of his beliefs—social, political, and religious—made him unpopular among a certain set, while it endeared him to others. He always had his corner at the National Liberal Club, which of late years he preferred to the Reform, where Whiggery of the old type was much too common for the Professor's liking. He was one of the original members of the Old Century Club, and, latterly, one of the special objects of his care was the Gladstone Library at the National Liberal, which he fostered with a paternal interest very delightful to see. He was the best of fathers, and a very beautiful attachment existed between him and his sons, on whom much of the father's talent has descended. Londoners will remember his membership for Southwark, but in the House of Commons he was not a brilliant success. His learning was great, and the House does not take to learned members. However, every now and then he made a very deep impression, and I shall always think that the most remarkable speech delivered in the Home Rule debate was his historical sketch of the passage of the Act of Union. It was delivered in a thin House, but Mr. Gladstone formed part of the audience, and I can recall at this moment the eager listening attitude of the statesman and the nods of vehement approval with which he punctuated every other sentence.

Funeral Tribute to Mrs. Booth.

I was present at the memorial service to Mrs. Booth on Monday at Olympia, and I must confess I never attended a more remarkable ceremonial. I have seen many great gatherings, outdoor and indoor. I was present at Victor Hugo's funeral, when a nation met to pile up flowers over the tomb of the great poet. I have heard Gladstone at Midlothian and at Bingley Hall. I have seen the opening of most of the great Exhibitions of the last ten or fifteen years, and witnessed the massing of men and women under all sorts of conditions and for all sorts of purposes. But I do not recall a more noteworthy assemblage than that of the Salvation Army round Mrs. Booth's coffin. Now and then, perhaps, it was a little grotesque. The hawking of refreshments and programmes did not consort with the funeral service. But I cannot say that the spirit of devotion was absent, though the form might occasionally have been wanting. The Salvationist is a cheery, unconventional personage, but I never thought that, with all his eccentricities, he was vulgar; and, indeed, the ceremony at Olympia was on the whole very far from being vulgar.

The Idea of the Ceremony

was certainly novel and ingenious. It was, of course, impossible that everybody in the hall, which must have held from 20,000 to 25,000 persons, could take part in an ordinary service, conducted from the platform. So the ear and the eye were jointly called into service in an extremely effective manner. The programme contained the clue to the service. Each portion—a hymn, or an interval of prayer or meditation—was marked in figures, 1, 2, 3, &c. When this point was reached, a corresponding number in huge lettering was hoisted from the platform, and the band struck up or ceased playing at the moment when the figure rose or fell. The intervals of silence, too, were really impressive. The people kept very quiet indeed, and followed reverently enough, so that every now and then I caught a resemblance to some of the more solemn moments in the Catholic ritual. As a pictorial show, the finest moment was when the funeral procession—headed by a mass of banners of all nations—scaled the platform, and its members grouped themselves, in deep red masses of colour, on either side of the platform, and the General's family, clothed in the uniforms of the higher officers of the army and in the native costumes assumed by the foreign contingent. The bands, too, were excellent. The Salvation Army possesses a kind of training college of music, and its bands include about 7000 performers, all of whom have to maintain a certain standard of excellence. The brass was very good, in my opinion a little too good for some of the Salvationist music, which, though catching and pleasing, cannot be compared with the older type of sacred melodies—neither in dignity nor in force. But there is a certain commonplace charm—half melancholy in character—about the music which, united with the good singing, could hardly fail to impress you. But the feature in the assembly was the joyousness of the affair. There was no rowdyism, no noise which did not arise out of the service, no impromptu "Amens" or "Hallelujahs." Yet everything was cheerful, even to a kind of solemn merriment. And that, too, seemed to me a good feature of the ceremony. Why Christians, who pretend to believe that death is the gate of life, should be so abnormally dismal about the matter I never, I must own, could quite understand.



Irish M.P.s for the U.S.

The deputation of Irish orators which is going to America is a very strong one, though probably the chief figures in it will be only three in number—Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor. Of these three Mr. O'Connor is the most taking popular orator. On the platform, and with a sympathetic audience, there is no man in England or Ireland who can excel him as a vigorous harangue, good points, humour, eloquence, and go. Mr. Dillon lacks grace and the born orator's gift of varying the presentment of his subject; and Mr. O'Brien's voice, though powerful, is not pleasant, and his manner is a trifle too monotonous and too vehement. Neither Mr. Tim Harrington, who has charge of the practical organisation of the National League, nor Mr. Abraham, the Protestant member for Limerick, will be able to go. As it is, the deputation will resolve itself into a kind of triumvirate of orators. On the fighting lines I have no doubt it will be a success, much more so than the movement for the American Famine Fund. The American Irish always prefer a forward policy, and, though the relations between the extreme sections in America, of the moderate leaders, and the more moderate party here have for the last five or six years been considerably strained, the rousing oratorical passion would do much to heal the breach. That is the folly of our English methods of governing Ireland. Our "strong" measures always quicken the flame of agitation.

Archdeacon Farrar.

The controversy between Archdeacon Farrar and Messrs. Cassell on the profits of "The Life of Christ" does not show the Archdeacon

in a very favourable light. I remember being told by a member of the firm the story of the first discovery of the Archdeacon. The discoverer was Mr. Galpin, a shrewd old gentleman, who was always on the look-out for a new literary sensation. The firm were anxious to get the "Life of Christ" written in a popular style and full of "local colour." They tried a Bishop—I think it was the Bishop of Derry—but he had no time. Then Mr. Galpin spent some months in going from church to church and looking for a likely author. At length he chanced on Archdeacon Farrar, then an unknown young schoolmaster—and a very good schoolmaster too—and a Curate. The sermon impressed him, and he promptly gave the preacher the refusal of the authorship of the "Life." He was to have £500 for writing, and another £500 for working up the "local colour" in a trip to Palestine. The book was extensively advertised, and when the money began to roll in, Messrs. Cassell, in fairness, and also in response, I believe, to the Archdeacon's representations, made him a further present of £1000. I am told they made about £10,000 from the work—that is, it was their share of the profits. But that is hearsay.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

FACTS AND FACES.

Miss Geraldine Ulmar.

The charming young prima donna who has made such a hit in the arduous part of "La Cigale" at the Lyric is American by birth, but of British parentage. It is always a pleasure to write with sympathetic appreciation of a true artist; and Miss Geraldine Ulmar is indubitably a true artist to the tips of her fingers. She is *petite* and a brunette, albeit she usually has to appear as a blonde on the stage. Born in Boston, this charmingly piquant songstress received her musical education privately in the "hub of the Universe." She proved so apt a pupil—as one might well imagine she would, with her bright intelligence—that she was suddenly called upon to appear in the opera of "Fatinitza" with the Boston Ideals, then the best English Light Opera Company in America. Her success was so great that she was engaged to tour with the Boston Ideals for four years. Then there ensued a temporary retirement from the stage, to which she was induced to return by a "wire" from Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte, who arranged with the sparkling star to sing as Yum Yum in "The Mikado" with his American Lyric Company. She played the part of this delectable Japanese damsel for some eight months in the States, and then crossed the Atlantic to play in "The Mikado" for a month at Berlin. Miss Geraldine Ulmar returned to America for a while, and soon after came to London to join D'Oyly Carte's regular Gilbert-Sullivan Opera Company at the Savoy, where the captivating American cantatrice has starred for three years in the various revivals, and where she created the Esmeralda-like part of Elsie Maynard, in "The Yeomen of the Guard," and that of the gay Gianetta, in "The Gondoliers." It is in the last-named vivacious character that Miss Ulmar is portrayed from Barraud's vivid photograph of the accomplished lady. But "La Cigale" is certainly the best—as it is the most laborious—part she has yet sustained, singing and acting with an artistic "go" that will draw "All London" to the Lyric to hear her. Various rumours are afloat as to the reason why Miss Ulmar left the Savoy. The explanation is very simple. I have it on the highest authority that Miss Ulmar was only animated by a desire to try her abilities in a different style of opera, and that she remains the best of friends with Mr. and Mrs. Carte.

MISS GERALDINE ULMAR.

From a Photograph by Barraud, 263, Oxford-street.

The Arab Steeds

That race so swiftly in the hippodrome of the French Exhibition at Earl's Court are as real as the Arab horsemen who ride them so daringly. After the enlivening and picturesque illustration of Algerian warfare in the vast hippodrome on Saturday afternoon last, I strolled round to the stables with Cicerone Tom Burnside and M. Ercole, and couldn't help admiring the points of these fleet Arab horses, which should fetch considerable amounts when they come to be sold. M. Ercole is the idol of the Arabs, and controls them to perfection. When the nights have been balmy and bright, the Grenadier Guards' Band, conducted by Lieutenant Dan Godfrey, has continued to draw thousands to the beautifully illuminated gardens; and the Fine Art show within, combined with the rare diversity of the many "Variety" performances, make up an entertainment which is unrivalled in London.

Corney Grain.

An evening at German Reed's Entertainment is one of the delights of the holiday-time for young people; but old and discreet playgoers may find pleasure in Mr. Watson's little drama entitled "Carnival Time," which is now running at St. George's Hall, Langham-place. Miss Marian Wardroper and Mr. Alfred Reed give us an infinite amount of fun. Yet it is clearly Mr. Corney Grain who is the hero of the evening, as may be gathered by the applause which greets his appearance in the musical sketch "Seaside Mania!" Quite inimitable are his descriptions of life at the seaside, of Hastings in August with 'Arry, of the lodgings with the inevitable wax fruit under a glass shade, and the substantial petrified sponge in the corner. I have not laughed so heartily for a long time as over the nigger melodies and other "common objects of the sea-shore," which Mr. Corney Grain presents rapidly to an appreciative audience.

A Learned Professor

Of Professor Thorold Rogers much has already been said, but let me add my tribute of respect and admiration for his many great qualities of mind and heart. His learning was wonderful, but his memory was amazing. Scarcely a fact or a date in the byeways of ancient and modern history but he could recall it at once, and illustrate his point with a more than Macaulayian plenitude of illustration. Well do I remember dining with him one evening tête-à-tête at the National Liberal Club. It seems only the other day, but it was three months ago. He discussed Grote and Mommsen, Dr. Freeman and Bishop Stubbs, the origin of the English race, the place of Matthew Arnold in literature, and a score of other topics. It was an education, this most one-sided conversation, stimulating the hearer to deeper and more energetic study. There will be those who will blame his heated political partisanship, and others his taste for Rabelaisian anecdotes; but all who have had the advantage of personal converse with the late Oxford Professor of Political Economy will ever carry kindly thought of him in their memories.

Miss Phyllis Broughton.

Young ladies who eventually win a good position on the stage are frequently obliged to enter the profession in the humbler ranks, and the music-hall condemned by the Charringtons and M'Dougalls has often been the channel through which ladies of good family and position have found their way to the stage. It was so with Miss Phyllis Broughton, who has worked her way upward until she has become a public favourite. She came of a good family, and was educated and accomplished when the death of her father made it necessary to fight the battle of life on her own account, and having become a graceful dancer Miss Broughton obtained an engagement at the Canterbury. Mr. Edwin Villiers saw that the young dancer had talents of another kind, and he gave her instruction in several dramatic characters. She was seen when at the Canterbury by Mr. Hollingshead, and engaged by him for the Gaiety Theatre, where she soon became popular, as her dancing was refined and graceful. She undertook some little parts in burlesque, and succeeded. She was understudy for Miss E. Farren in several of her burlesque parts, and had a part of her own in "The Forty Thieves." One of the first parts to prove that she possessed individual talent was her Ophelia, in "Very Little Hamlet." Her caricature of Shakspere's exquisite heroine was graceful and effective, and her dancing added interest to the character. She played a little part in the comedy "In Chancery" with much success. Many other small parts showed that she was "feeling her way" as a comedy actress; and latterly she has become, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, a great favourite in comic opera, a department for which she is well fitted, being able to sing, dance, and act cleverly, and having a charming appearance on the stage. Miss Broughton has been rather extravagantly complimented, but these praises have not spoiled her. Fancy a critic saying "There is something in Miss Phyllis Broughton that recalls the soft perfume and tender colour of an almond-tree in blossom." After that, I had better be silent!

Miss Alice Lingard.

In the new Drury-Lane drama, "A Million of Money," the admirable acting of Miss Alice Lingard is a feature. She represents the wife of the broken-down sportsman—the dangerous adventuress who nearly wrecks the life of the hero. It need hardly be said how well Miss Lingard plays this character, for she is an artist, and always plays well. Miss Lingard is a lady of much culture, and is as clever in drawing and painting as many professional artists, and she is a real lover of poetry, as might be guessed from her delivery of verse. Much of her life has been spent in the sunny clime of Florida, where oranges grow, and snow is such a rarity that when it does fall the blacks are quite alarmed. It was about sixteen years ago, at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, New York, that Miss Lingard made her first appearance on the stage. Her husband became the lessee of the Broadway, and there she appeared in some small parts, but her first prominent success was as Frou-Frou at the Opera House, San Francisco. This was a triumph, and from that time her fame as an actress increased rapidly. She also played in "The Sphinx" and other characters identified with the most celebrated French actresses, and always with great success. On returning to New York, the train in which she travelled met with an extraordinary obstruction—nothing less than a swarm of grasshoppers so dense as actually to impede the progress of the locomotive. After her remarkable successes in California, Miss Lingard undertook a starring tour in Australia. In New Zealand also Miss Lingard played some of her best parts, and met with some amusing adventures, which she relates with charming humour, for, although best known here in serious and tragic characters, she has been equally successful in comedy. Her acting of Cyprienne in Sardou's "Divorçons," at New York, so pleased the famous comedian J. S. Clarke that he advised her to play it in London. But the Lord Chamberlain refused to permit the piece to be played, and her first London appearance was made at a matinée at the Gaiety, in Dumas's "Camille." Mr. Edgar Bruce engaged Miss Lingard, and she appeared as Pauline in "Called Back." An American friend tells me that in the United States her comedy was appreciated even more than her serious parts, and, judging from the talent displayed in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," we can easily understand that. But there are few characters which Miss Lingard would fail to adorn by her talent and grace, and she makes Stella, in "A Million of Money," extremely fascinating.

THE PROMPTER.

A COMFORTER FROM CORK.

"Why, Bridget, did my mamma have another husband before she married papa?"

"Yis, darlint, but he doied, yer see."

"Oh, Bridget, I am so sorry mamma lost her husband."

"Faith, an' ye'd betther be glad, Bessie. If he'd a lived he might 'a made ye a cruel stip-feyther."

"Mistress and Maid" is the name of a new household magazine, which promises to be a welcome guest in numberless homes. Avoiding scandal, "Mistress and Maid" gives its readers weekly a wholesome instalment of fiction, treats judiciously subjects of domestic interest, and contains a bright and extensive budget of the crisp pars in vogue.

The Mormons have, at a Conference, resolved to abolish polygamy—a step which, it is stated, will have the effect of releasing forty-two men from prison, provided they promise to conform to the law of the United States.

The Dupont Powder-Mills, near Wilmington, Delaware, were blown up recently. Fifty buildings were wrecked, and the damage is estimated at more than half a million dollars. The noise of the explosion was heard a hundred miles away, and the shock created a panic in Wilmington, five miles distant. A number of persons were killed.

AN INDEFINITE TERM.

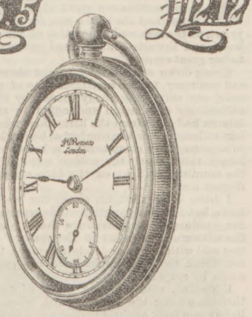
Visitor: "How long are you in for, my poor man?"
Prisoner: "Dunno, Ma'am."
Visitor: "How can that be?"
Prisoner: "It's a life-sentence."

J. W. Benson's

"LUDGATE" WATCH.

The Strongest, Best, and Cheapest English Lever ever made for **£5 5s.**
Unequalled for Accuracy, Durability, and Value.

In Silver Cases, £5.5 In 18-ct. Gold Cases, £12.12



Best London-made Three-Quarter Plate English Lever, Jewelled throughout, Chronometer Balance, Enlarged Barrel, Patent Dust and Damp Proof Ring Band. Keeps better time than, and is double the Strength and Value of, any £5 5s. Watch yet made. In Four Sizes. Small (as illustrated) for Gentlemen and Youths. Medium for Working Men generally, Large for Miners and Railway Men, and Extra Small for Ladies.

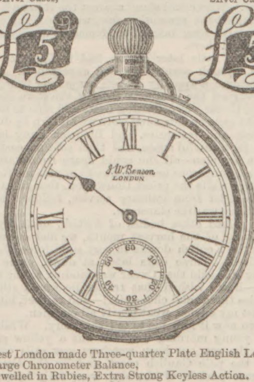
In Massive Sterling Silver Cases, with Crystal Glass, **£5 5s.**, or in 18-ct. Gold Crystal Glass Cases, Gentlemen's size, **£12 12s.**, Ladies' size, **£10 10s.**
Performance Warranted.
TESTIMONIALS from THOUSANDS of WEARERS.

J. W. Benson's

KEYLESS "BANK" WATCH

Cheapest, Strongest, and Best £5
ENGLISH KEYLESS WATCH ever made.

Silver Cases, £5 Silver Cases, £5



Best London made Three-quarter Plate English Lever, Large Chronometer Balance, Jewelled in Rubies, Extra Strong Keyless Action. Each part interchangeable. An Exact Timekeeper, and the Best Value in the Market.
THOUSANDS HAVE BEEN SOLD.
Price **£5**, in Extra Strength Sterling Silver Crystal Glass Cases. Performance warranted.

BENSON'S PAMPHLET, the Largest and most Complete Book of its kind issued, containing nearly 200 pages of Prices and Illustrations of every class of WATCHES, CLOCKS, CHAINS, JEWELLERY, and PLATE. Sent post free on application.
These Watches sent free and safe at our risk to all parts of the World.

J. W. Benson Estab. 1749.

THE STEAM FACTORY,
62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.;
and at 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.;
and 25, OLD BOND STREET, W., LONDON.
Benson's Clubs.—Agents wanted. Applications invited.

MOLLIE'S RUSE.

"Mollie, I wish you would be a better little girl," said a fond father to his little daughter. "You have no idea how sorry I am that mamma has to scold you always."

"Don't worry about it, papa," was the reply of the little angel. "I am not one of those sensitive children. Half the time I don't hear what she says."

A CHANCE FOR HIM.

She (who has promised to ask for no more jewelry this year): "I wish I were you for a little while."

He: "Why, my dear?"

She: "Because then I would buy my wife a pearl necklace."

"GOLD, GOLD, GOLD!"

She: "There goes poor Miss Price with her fiancé. Why, the man is old enough to be her father, and ugly enough to be her brother!"

He: "Oh, but he is rich enough to be her husband."

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHŒNICIAN.

RETOLD BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

Published by permission of, and special arrangement with, the Proprietors of "The Illustrated London News."

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

CHAPTER II.

NOTHING whatever have I to say against Blodwen, the beautiful British Princess, and many months we spent there happily in her town: and she bore a son, for whom the black priest, at the accursed inspiration of his own jealous heart and thwarted hopes, read out an evil destiny, to her great sorrow.

Going down one morning to the shore somewhat sad and sorry, for the inevitable time of parting was near, my ship lying ready loaded by the beach, I rubbed my eyes again and again to see that the felucca had gone from the little inlet where she had lain so long. Nor was comfort at hand when, rushing to a promontory commanding a better view, to my horror there shone the golden speck of her sail in the morning sunlight on the blue rim of the most distant sea.

I have often thought, since, the crafty Princess had a hand in this desertion. She was so ready with her condolence, so persuasive that I should "bide the winter and leave her in the spring" (the which was said with her most detaining smile), that I could not think the catastrophe took my gentle savage much by surprise.

I yielded, and the long black winter was worn through among the British, until, when the yellow light came back again, I had married Blodwen before all the tribe and was rich by her constant favour, nor, need it be said, more loth than ever to leave her. In truth, she was a good Princess, but very variable. Blodwen the chieftainess urging her clansmen to a tribal fight, red-hot with the strong drink of war, or reeking with the fumes and cruelty of a bloody sacrifice to Baal, was one thing; and, on the other hand, Blodwen tending with the rude skill of the day her kinsmen's wounds, Blodwen the daughter weeping gracious silent tears in the hall of her fathers as the minstrels chanted their praises, or humming a ditty to the listening blue-eyed little one upon her knee—his cheek to hers—was all another sight; and I loved her better than I have ever loved any of these other women who have loved me since.

But sterner things were coming my erratic way. The proud Roman Eagle, having in these years long tyrannised over fertile Gaul, must needs swoop down on our brothers along that rocky coast of Armorica that faces our white shore, carrying death and destruction among our kinsmen as the peregrines in the cliffs harry the frightened seamews.

Forthwith the narrow waters were black with our hide-sailed boats rushing to succour. But it was useless. Who could stand against the Roman? Our men came back presently—few, wounded, and crest-fallen, with long tales of the foeman's deadly might by sea and shore.

Then, a little later on, we had to fight for ourselves, though scantly we had expected it. Early one autumn a friendly Veneti came over from Gaul and warned the southern Princes the stern Roman Consul Cæsar was collecting boats and men to invade us. At once on this news were we all torn by diverse counsels and jealousies, and Blodwen hung in my arms for a tearful space, and then sent me eastward with a few men—all she could spare from watching her own dangerous neighbours—to oppose the Roman landing; while the priest Dhuwallon, though exempt by his order from military service, followed sullen behind my warlike clansmen.

We joined other bodies of British, until, by the beginning of the harvest month, we had encamped along the Kentish downs in very good force, though disunited. Three days later, at dawn, came in a runner who said that Cæsar was landing to the westward—how I wished that traitor lie would stick in his false throat and choke him!—and thither, bitterly against my advice, went nearly all our men.

Even now it irks me to tell this story. While the next young morning was still but a yellow streak upon the sea, our keen watchers saw sails coming from the pale Gaulish coast, and, by the time the primrose portals of the day were fully open, the water was covered with them from one hand to the other.

In vain our recalling signal-fires smoked. A thousand scythed chariots and four thousand men were away, and by noon the great Consul's foremost galley took the British ground where the beach shelved up to the marshy flats, which again rose, through coppices and dingles, to our camp on the overhanging hills. Another and another followed, all thronged with tawny stalwart men in brass and leather. What could we do against this mighty fleet that came headlong upon us, rank behind rank, the white water flashing in tangled ribbons from their innumerable prows, and the dreaded symbols of Roman power gleaming from every high-built stern?

We rushed down, disorderly, to meet them, the Druids urging us on with song and sacrifice, and waded into the water to our waists, for we were as courageous as we were undisciplined, and they hesitated for some seconds to leave their lurching boats. I remember at this moment, when the fate of a kingdom hung in the balance, down there jumped a Centurion, and, waving a golden eagle over his head, drew his short sword, and, calling out that "he at least would do his duty to the Republic," made straight for me.

Brave youth! As he rushed impetuous through the water my ready javelin took him true under the gilded plate that hung upon his chest, and the next wave rolled in to my feet a lifeless body lapped in a shroud of crimson foam.

But now the legionaries were springing out far and near, and fighting hand to hand with the skin-clad British, who gave way before them slowly and stubbornly. Many were they who died, and the floating corpses jostled and rolled about among us as we plunged and fought and screamed in the shallow tide, and beat on the swarming impervious golden shields of the invaders.

Back to the beach they drove us hand to hand and foot to foot, and then, with a long shout of triumph that startled the seafowl on the distant cliffs, they pushed us back over the shingles ever farther from the sea, that idly sported with our dead—back, in spite of all we could do, to the marshland.

There they formed, after a breathing space, in the long, stern line that had overwhelmed a hundred nations, and charged us like a living rampart of steel. And as the angry waves rushed upon the immovable rocks, so rushed we upon them. For a moment or two the sun shone upon a wild uproar, the fierce contention of two peoples breast to breast, a glitter of caps and javelins, splintered spears and riven shields, all flashing in the wild dust of war that the Roman Eagle loved so well. And then the Britons parted into a thousand fragments and reeled back, and were trampled under foot, and broke and fled.

Britain was lost!

Soon after this all the coppices and pathways were thronged with our flying footmen. Yet Dhuwallon and I, being mounted, had lingered behind the rest, galloping hither and thither over the green levels, trying to get some few British to stand again; but presently it was time to be gone. The Romans, in full possession of the beach, had found a channel, and drawn some boats up to the shelving shore. They had dropped the hinged bulwarks, and, with the help of a plank or two, had already got out some of their twenty or thirty chargers. On to these half a dozen eager young patricians had vaulted, and, I and Dhuwallon being conspicuous figures, they came galloping down at us. We, on our lighter steeds, knowing every path and gully in the marshlands, should have got away from them like starlings from a prowling sheepdog; but treachery was in the black heart of that high-priest at my elbow, and a ravening hatred which knew neither time nor circumstance.

It was just at the scraggy foot-hills, and the shouting Centurions were close behind us; the last of our fighters had dashed into the shelter ahead, and I was galloping down a grassy hollow, when the coward shearer of mistletoe came up alongside. I looked not at him, but over my other shoulder at the red plumes of the pursuers dancing on the sky-line. All in an instant something sped by me, and, shrieking in pain, my horse plunged forward, missed his footing, and rolled over into the long autumn grass with the scoundrel priest's last javelin quivering in his throat. I heard that villain laugh as he turned for a moment to look back, and then he vanished into the screen of leaves.

The coward shearer of mistletoe came up alongside.

Amazed and dizzy, I staggered to my feet, pushed back the long hair and the warm running blood from my eyes, and, grasping my sword, waited the onset of the Romans. They rode over me as though I were a shock of ripe barley in August, and one of them, springing down, put his foot to my throat and made to kill me.

"No, no, Fabrius!" said another Centurion, from the back of a white steed—"don't kill him. He will be more useful alive."

"You were always tender-hearted, Sempronius Faunus," grumbled the first one, reluctantly taking his heel from me and giving permission to rise with a kick in the side. "What are you going to do with him? Make him native Prefect of these marshes, eh?"

"Or, perhaps," put in another gilded youth, whose sword itched to think it was as yet as innocent of blood as when it came from its Tuscany smithy—"perhaps Sempronius is going to have a private procession of his own when he gets back to the Tiber, and wishes early to collect prisoners for his chariot-tail."

Disregarding their banter, the Centurion Sempronius, who was a comely young fellow and seemed just then extremely admirable in person and principles to me, mounted again, and, pointing with his short sword to the shore, bade me march, speaking the Gallic tongue, and in a manner there was no gainsaying.

So I was prisoner to the Romans, and they bound me, and left me lying for ten hours under the side of one of their stranded ships, down by the melancholy afternoon sea, still playing with its dead men, and rolling and jostling together in its long green fingers the raven-haired Etrurian and the pale, white-faced Celt. Then, when it was evening, they picked me up, and a low plebeian in leather and brass struck me in the face when, husky and spent with fighting, I asked for a cup of water. They took me away through their camp and a mile down the dingles, where the Roman legionaries were digging fosses, and making their camp in the ruddy flicker of watch-fires, under the British oaks, to a rising knoll.

Here the main body of the invaders were lying in a great crescent towards the inland, and crowning the hillock was a scarp, where a rough pavilion of skins and sails from the vessels on the beach had b[illegible]ected.

[illegible]pproached this, all the noise and laughter died [illegible]y guard, who now moved in perfect silence. [illegible] not away we halted, and presently Sempronius was seen backing out of the tent with an air of the greatest deference. Seizing me by my manacled arms, he led me to it. At the very threshold he whispered in my ear—

"Briton, if you value that tawny skin of yours I saved this morning, speak true and straight to him who sits within": and without another word he thrust me into the rough pavilion. At a little table, dark with usage and scarred with campaigning, a man was sitting, an ample toga partly hiding the close-fitting leather vest he wore beneath it. His long and nervous fingers were urging over the tablets before him a stylus with a speed few in those days commanded, while a little earthenware lamp, with a flickering wick burning in the turned-up spout, cast a wavering light upon his thin, sharp-cut features—the imperious mouth that was shut so tight, and the strong lines of his dark commanding face.

He went on writing as I entered, without looking up; and my gaze wandered round the poor walls of his tent, his piled-up arms in one place, his truckle bed in another, there a heap of choice British spoil, flags and symbols and weapons, and there a foreign case, half opened, stocked with bags of coins and vellum rolls. All was martial confusion in the black and yellow light of that strange little chamber, and as I turned back to him I felt a shock run through me to find the blackest and most piercing pair of eyes that ever shone from a mortal head fixed upon my face.

He rose, and, with the lamp in his hand, surveyed me from top to toe.

"Of the Veneti?" he said, in allusion to my dark un-British hair; and I answered "No."

"What, then?"

I told him I was a knight just now in the service of the British King.

"How many of your men opposed us to-day?" was the next question.

"A third as many as you brought with you where you were not invited."

"And how many are there in arms behind the downs and in this southern country?"

"How many pebbles are there on yonder beach? How many ears of corn did we pull last harvest?" I answered, for I thought I should die in the morning, and this made me brave and surly.

He frowned very blackly at my defiance, but curbing, I could see, his wrath, he put the lamp on the table, and, after a minute of communing with himself, he said, in a voice over which policy threw a thin veil of amiability—

"Perhaps, as a British knight and a good soldier, I have no doubt you could speak better with your hands untied?"

I thanked him, replying that it was so; and he came up, freeing, with a beautiful little golden stiletto he wore in his girdle, my wrists. This kindly slight act of soldierly trust obliged me to the Roman General, and I answered his quick, incisive questions in the Gaulish tongue as far as honestly might be. He got little about our forces, finding his prisoner more effusive in this quarter than communicative. Once or twice, when my answers verged on the scornful, I saw the imperious temper and haughty nature at strife with his will in that stern, masterful face and those keen black eyes.

But when we spoke of the British people, I could satisfy his curious and many questions about them more frankly. Every now and then, as some answer interested him, he would take a quick glance at me as though to read in my face whether it were the truth or not, and, stopping by his little table, he would jot down a passage on the wax, scan it over, and inquire of something else. Our life and living, wars, religions, friendships, all seemed interesting to this acute gentleman so plainly clad, and it was only when we had been an hour together, and after he had clearly got from me all he wished, that he called the guard and dismissed me, bidding Sempronius in Latin, which the General thought I knew not, to give me food and drink, but keep me fast for the present.

Sempronius showed the utmost deference to the little man in the toga and leather jerkin, listening with bent head and backing from his presence; while I but roughly gave him thanks for my freed hands, and stalked out after my jailer with small ceremony.

Once in the starlight and out of earshot the Centurion said to me, with a frown—

"Briton, I feel somewhat responsible for you, and I beg the next time you leave that presence not to carry your head so high or turn that wolf-skinned back of yours on him so readily, or I am confident I shall have orders to teach you manners. Did you cast yourself down when you entered?"

"Not I!"

"Jove! And did not kneel while you spoke to him?"

"Not once," I said.

"Now, by the Sacred Flame! do you mean to say you stood the whole time as I found you, towering in your ragged skins, your bare braceleted arms upon your chest, and giving Cæsar back stare for stare in his very tent?"

"*Who?*"

"Cæsar himself. Why, who else? Cæsar, whose word is life and death from here to the Apennines, who is going to lick up this country of yours as a hungry beggar licks out a porringer. Surely you knew that he to whom you spoke so freely was our master, the great Prætor himself!"

Here was an oversight! I might have guessed so much; but, full of other things, I had never supposed the little man was anything but a Roman General sent out to harry and pursue us. Strange ideas rose at once, and, while the Tyrian in me was awestruck by the closeness of my approach to a famous and dreaded person, the Briton moaned at a golden opportunity lost to unravel, by one bold stroke—a stroke of poignard, of burning brand from the fire, of anything—the net that was closing over this unfortunate island.

So strong rose these latter regrets at having had Cæsar, the unwelcome, the relentless, within arm's length, and having let him go forth with his indomitable blood still flowing in his lordly veins, that I stopped short, clapped my hand upon his swordless scabbard, and made a hasty stride back to the tent.

At once the ready Sempronius was on me like a wild cat, and with two strong legionaries bore me to the ground and tied me hand and foot. They carried me down to the camp, and there pitched me under a rock to reflect until dawn on the things of a disastrous day.

But by earliest twilight the bird had flown! At midnight, when the tired soldiers slept, I chafed my hempen bonds against a rugged angle of earth-embedded stone, and in four hours was free, rising silently among the snoring warriors, and passing into the forest as noiselessly as one of those weird black shadows that the last flashes of their expiring camp-fires made at play on the background of the woods.

I stole past their outmost pickets while the first flush of day was in the east, and then, in the open, turned me to my own people and ran like a hind to her little one over the dewy grassland and through the spangled thickets, scaring the conies at their earliest meal, and frightening the merles and mavis ere they had done a bar of their matin songs, throwing myself down in the tents of my kinsmen just as the round sun shone through the close-packed oak-trunks.

But, curse the caitiff fools who welcomed me there! It would have been far better had I abided Cæsar's anger, or trusted to that martial boy Sempronius Faunus!

The British churls, angry and sullen at their defeat of yesterday, were looking for a victim to bear the burden of their wrongs. Now, the priest Dhuwallon, who had turned livid with fear and anger when I had come back unharmed from the hands of the enemy, with a ready wit which was surely lent him from hell, saw he might propitiate the Britons and gratify his own ends by one more coward trick to be played at my expense. I do not deny his readiness, or grudge him aught, yet I hate him even now from the bottom of my heart with all that fierce old anger which then would have filled me with delight and pride if I could have had his anointed blood smoking in the runnels of my sword.

Well. It was his turn again. He procured false witnesses—not a difficult thing for a high-priest in that discontented camp—and by midday I was bound once more, and before the priests and chiefs as a traitor and Roman spy.

What good was it for me to stand up and tell the truth to that gloomy circle while the angry crowd outside hungered for a propitiatory sacrifice? In vain I lied with all the resources I could muster, and in vain, when this was fruitless, denounced that pale villain, my accuser. When I came to tell of his treachery in killing my horse the day before, and leaving me to be slain by the enemy, I saw I was but adding slander in the judges' eyes to my other crimes. When I declared I was no Roman, but a Briton—an aged fool, his long white locks filleted with oak-leaves, rose silently and held a polished brass mirror before me, and by every deity in the

Northern skies I must own my black hair and dusky face were far more Roman than native.

So they found me guilty, and sentenced me to be offered up to Baal next morning before the army as a detected spy.

When that silvery dawn came, it brought no relief or respite, for the laws of the Druids, which enjoined slow and deliberate judgments, forbid the altering of a sentence once pronounced. It was as fine a day as could be wished for their infernal ceremonial, with the mellow autumn mist lying wide and flat along the endless vistas of oak and hazel that then hid almost all the valleys, and over the mist the golden rays of the sun spread far and near, kissing with crimson radiance the green knobs of upland that shone above that pearly ocean, and shining on the bare summits of the lonely grass hills around us, and gleaming in rosy brilliancy upon the sea that flashed and sparkled in grey and gold between the downs to the southward. Here in this fairy realm, while the thickets were still beaded with the million jewels of the morning, and the earth breathed of repose and peace, they carried out that detestable orgie of which I was the centre.

My memory is a little hazy. Perhaps, at the time, I was thinking of other things—a red-haired girl, for instance, playing with her little ones outside her porch in a distant glen; my shekels of brass and tin and silver; my kine, my dogs, and my horses, may-be; such things will be—and thus I know little of how it came. But presently I was on the fatal spot.

A wide circle of green grass, kept short and close, in the heart of a dense thicket of oak. Round this circle a ring of great stone columns, crowned by mighty slabs of the same kind, and hung, to-day, with all the skins and robes and weapons of the assembled tribesmen; so that the mighty enclosure was a rude amphitheatre, walled by the wealth of the spectators, and in the centre an oblong rock, some eight feet long, with a gutter down it for the blood to run into a pit at its feet. This was the fatal slip from which the Druids launched that poor vessel the soul upon the endless ocean of eternity.

All round the great circle, when its presence and significance suddenly burst upon me, were the British, to the number of many hundreds, squatting on the ground in the front rows, or standing behind against the grey pillars—an uncouth ring of motley barbarians, shaggy with wolf and bear skins, gleaming in brass and golden links that glistened in the morning light against naked limbs and shoulders, traced and pictured in blue woad with a hundred designs of war and wood craft.

They forced me and two other miserable wretches to the altar, and then, while our guards stood by us and the mounted men clustered among the monoliths behind, a deadly silence fell upon the assembly. It was so still we could hear the beat of our own hearts, and so intolerable that one of us three fell forward in a swoon ere it had lasted many minutes. The din of battle was like the murmur of a pleasant brook before that expectant hush; and when the white procession of executioners came chanting up the farther avenue of stones into the arena, I breathed again as though it was a nuptial procession and they were bringing me a bride less grim than the golden adze which shone at their head.

They sang round the circle their mystic song, and then halted before the rude stone altar. Mixing up religion and justice as was their wont, the chief Druid recited the crimes of the two culprits beside me, with their punishment, and immediately the first one, tightly bound, was pitched upon the stone altar; and while the Druids chanted their hymns to Baal the assembled multitude joined in, and, clanging their shields in an infernal tumult which effectually drowned his yells for mercy, the sacred adze fell, and off his head and then his body rolled into the hollow, while twenty little streams of crimson blood trickled down the sides of the altar stone. The next one was treated in the same way, and tumbled off into the hollow below, and I was hoisted up to that reeking slab.

While they arranged me, that black priest stole up and hissed in my ear, "Is it of Blodwen you think when you shut your eyes? Take this, then, for your final comfort," he said, with a malicious leer—"I, even I, the despised and thwarted, will see to Blodwen and answer for her happiness. Ah!—you writhe—I thought that would interest you. Let your last thought, accursed stranger, be I and she: your last conception be my near revenge! Villain! I spit upon you and deride you!" And he was as good as his word, glowering down upon me helpless, with insatiate rage and hatred in his eyes, and then, stepping back, signed to the executioner.

I heard the wild hymn to their savage gods go ringing up again through the green leaves of the oaks; I heard the clatter of the weapons upon the round brass-bound targets, the voices of the priests and the cry of a startled kite circling in the pleasant autumn mist overhead. I saw the great crescent of the sacred golden adze swing into the sky, and then, while it was just checking to the fall which should extinguish me, there came a hush upon the people, followed by a wild shout of fear and anger, and I turned my head half over as I lay bound upon the stone.

I saw the British multitude seethe in confusion and then burst and fly like the foam strands before the wind, as, out of the green thickets, at the run, their cold, brave faces all emotionless over their long brass shields, came rank upon rank of Roman legionaries. I saw Sempronius on his white charger at their head, glittering in brass and scarlet, and, finding my tongue in my extremity, "Sempronius!" I yelled, "[illegible] pronius to the rescue!" But too late.

With a wavering, aimless fall the adze [illegible] between my neck and my shoulder, the black[illegible] of dissolution fell over the painted picture of the world, there was a noise of a thousand rivers tumbling into a bottomless cavern, and I expired.

CHAPTER III.

I do confess I can offer no justification for the continuation of my story. Once so fairly sped as I was on that long-distant day, thus recalled in such detail as I can remember, the natural and regular thing would be that there should be an end of me, with, perhaps, a page or two added by some kindly scribe to recall my too quickly smothered virtues. Nevertheless, I write again, not a whit the worse for a mischance which would have silenced many a man, and in a mood to tell you of things wonderful enough to strain the sides of your shallow modern scepticism, as new wine stretches a goat-skin bottle.

All the period between my death on the Druid altar and my reawakening was a void, whereof I can say but little. The only facts pointing a faint clue to the wonderful lapse of life are the brief phenomena of my reawakening, which came to hand in sequence as they are here set down.

My first consciousness was little better than a realisation of the fact that practically I was extinct. To this pointless knowledge then came a dawning struggle with the powers of mortality, until very slowly, inch by inch, the negativeness was driven back, and the spark of life began to brighten within me. To this moment I cannot say how long the process took. It may have been days or weeks or months, or ages as likely as not; but when the vital flame was kindled the life and self-possession spread more quickly, until at last, with little fluttering breaths like a new-born baby's, and a tingling trickle of warm blood down my shrunken veins, in one strange minute, four hundred years after the close of my last spell of living (as I afterwards learned), I feebly opened my eyes, and recognised with dull contentment that I was alive again.

But oh! the sorrows attendant on it! Every bone and muscle in me ached to that awakening, and my very fibre shook to the stress of the making tide of vitality. You who have lain upon an arm for a sleepy hour or two and suffered as a result ingenious torments from the new-moving blood, think of the like sorrows of four hundred years' stagnation! It was scarcely to be borne, and yet, like many other things of which the like might be said, I bore it in bitterness of spirit, until life had trickled into all the unfamiliar pathways of my clay, and then at length the pain decreased and I could think and move.

In that strange and lonely hour of temporal resurrection almost complete darkness surrounded me, and my mind (with one certain consciousness that I had been very long where I lay) was a chaos of speculation and fancy and long-forgotten scenes. But as my faculties came more completely under control, and my eyes accepted the dim twilight as sufficient and convenient to them, they made out overhead a dull, massy roof of rock, rough with the strong masonry of mother earth, and descending in rugged sides to an uneven floor. In fact, there could be no doubt I was underground, but how far down, and where, and why, could not be said. All round me were cavernous hollows and midnight shadows, round which the weird gleam of rude pillows and irregular walls made a heavy mysterious coast to a black, uncertain sea. I sat up and rubbed my eyes—and as I did so I felt every rag of clothing drop in dust and shreds from my person—and peered into the almost impenetrable gloom. My outstretched hands on one side touched the rough rocks of what was apparently the arch of a niche in this chamber of the nether world, and under me they discovered a sandy shelf, upon which I lay some eight or ten feet from the ground, as near as could be judged. Not a sound broke the stillness but the gentle monotony of falling water, whereof one unseen drop twice a minute fell with a faint silver cadence on to the surface of an unknown pool. I did not fear, I was not frightened, and soon I noticed as a set-off to the gloom of my sullen surroundings the marvellous purity of the atmosphere. It was a preservative itself. Such an ambient, limpid element could surely have existed nowhere else. It was soft as velvet in its absolute stillness, and pure beyond suspicion. It was like some thin, sunless vintage that had mellowed endless years in the great vat of the earth, and it now ran with the effect of a delicate tonic through my inert frame. Nor was its sister and ally—the temperature—less conducive to my cure. In that subterranean place summer and winter were alike unknown. The trivial changes that vex the cuticle of the world were here reduced to an unalterable average of gentle warmth that assimilated with the soulless air to my huge contentment. You cannot wonder, therefore, that I throve apace, and explored with increasing strength the limits of my strange imprisonment.

All about me was fine deep dust and shreds, which even then smelt in my palm like remnants of fur and skins. At my elbow was a shallow British eating-dish, with a little dust at the bottom, and by it a broken earthenware pitcher such as they used for wine. On my other side, as I felt with inquisitive fingers, lay a handleless sword, one of my own I knew, but thin with age, the point all gone, rusty and useless. By it, again, reposed a small jar, heavy to lift and rattling suggestively when shaken. My two fingers thrust into the neck told me it was full of coins, and I could not but feel a flush of gratitude in that grim place at the abortive kindness which had put food and drink, weapons and money, by my side, with a sweet ignorance, yet certainty of my future awakening.

But now budding curiosity suggested wider search, and, rising with difficulty, I cautiously dropped from my lofty shelf on to the ground. Then a wish to gain the outer air took possession of me, and, peering this way and that, a tiny point of light far away on the right attracted my attention. On approaching, it turned out to be a small hole in the cave out of reach overhead; but, feeling about below this little star of comfort, the walls appeared soft and peaty to the touch, so at once I was at work digging hard, with a pointed stone; and the farther I went the more leafy and rough became the material, while hope sent my heart thumping against my ribs in tune to my labour.

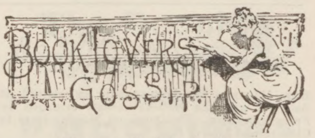
At last, impulsive, after half an hour's work, a fancy seized me that I could heave a way out with my shoulder. No sooner said than done. I took ten steps back, and then plunged fiercely in the darkness of the great cavern into the mouldy screen.

How can I describe the result! It gave way, and I shot in a whirlwind of dust into a sparkling golden world! I rolled over and over down a spangled firmament, clutching in my bewilderment my hands full of blue and yellow gems at every turn, and slipping and plunging with a sirocco of colour, red, green, sapphire, and gold flying round before my bewildered face. I finally came to a stop, and sat up. You will not wonder that I glared round me when I say I was seated at the foot of all the new marvels of a beautiful limestone knoll, clothed from top to bottom with bluebells and primroses, spangled with the young spring greenery of hazel and beech overhead, and backed by the cloudless blue of an April sky!

On top of this fairy mountain, at the roots of the trees that crowned it, hidden by bracken and undergrowth, was the round hole from which I had plunged; nor need to tell you how, remembering what had happened in there, I rubbed my eyes, and laughed and marvelled greatly at the will of the Inscrutable, which had given me so wonderful a rebirth.

To you must be left to fill up the picture of my sensations and slowly recurring faculties. How I lay and basked in the warmth, and slowly remembered everything: to me belongs but the strange and simple narrative.

(To be continued.)



Thomas Carlyle Again.

A book I can cordially recommend is Mr. Froude's "Life of Carlyle" (four vols., 3s. 6d. each; Longmans), which has just appeared in a cheaper edition. What scorn and contempt the book evoked when first published—and naturally enough! Mr. Froude did not act so much the part of the friend of Carlyle as the friend of the curious public. He told us everything, or nearly everything. He showed us Carlyle far enough removed from that atmosphere of calm contentment and duty-loving ideals which we had, perhaps, all too innocently, imagined from his works to be his normal state. We found that he and his "dear Goody," as he called his wife, had often a very rough time of it together. Yet, when all is said, Mr. Froude's "Life" remains a valuable literary possession full of interest for us, yet needing qualifying by the light of the comments of other friends, and notably of

Mrs. Oliphant.

Mrs. Oliphant positively amazes me with her friendships and her industries. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that she has written hundreds of novels,

MRS. OLIPHANT.

and it is not to be wondered at that they are sometimes far from strong. "Sons and Daughters," for example, which has just reached me from Blackwood and Sons, is as feeble as feeble could be. The first book of a novice could hardly be worse. For a moment one imagines that Mrs. Oliphant has really grasped one of the problems of the day—the relation of a conscientious man of wealth to the great question of commercialism. But then we see that she lets the opportunity slip, and gives us only flabby conventionalities. Mrs. Oliphant's versatility is marvellous. She once proposed to Mr. Blackwood to write the whole of a number of his magazine, and she could have done it too. Has she not written the "Makers of Venice" and the "Makers of Florence," and is she not writing a similar book on Edinburgh? Is she not the biographer of Edward Irving, of Rousseau, of Sheridan, of a number of men of widely different character, and has she not written an extensive "History of Eighteenth Century Literature"? A clever woman, truly, and wise and good withal.

Cardinal Newman Again.

You have heard so much about Cardinal Newman, and perhaps that is a reason why I should add this further word. All his books are being published just now by Messrs. Longman and Co., in good-looking three-and-sixpenny volumes. First came the "Apologia," then "Callista," then the "Poems," the "Historical Essays" (2 vols.), the "Sketches" (3 vols.), and so on. If you want to make an acquaintance with Newman at first hand, you will do well to buy the books I have named. Then there is a little book, partly biographical partly critical, written by Mr. R. H. Hutton, the editor of the *Spectator* (2s. 6d.—Methuen and Co.) Mr. Hutton started life as a Unitarian, and has gone through many phases of faith since then. F. D. Maurice was the great influence of his early, but apparently J. H. Newman of his later, life. He is said now to have a strong inclination towards Rome. TATLER.

A CHESTNUT COLT.

"Strange colt this of yours, Jack."

"How 's that?"

"Well, he's young and fresh, and yet he's a 'chestnut.'"

"THE OLD, OLD STORY."

Young Wife: "Do you love me as much as ever?"

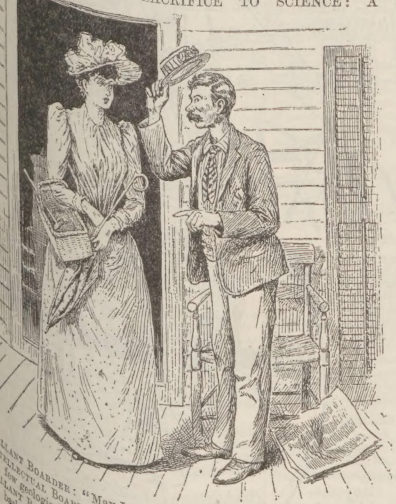
Young Husband: "I reckon so."

Young Wife: "Shall I always be the dearest thing in the world to you?"

Young Husband: "I reckon so, unless the landlord raises the rent."

Mr. William Gunn, the Celebrated Nottingham Cricketer, writing from the County Cricket Warehouse, 14, Carrington-street, Nottingham, says: "You will be glad to hear that Harness' Electropathic Belt has quite cured the rheumatism that prevented me from playing football last winter, and it has been of great benefit in sustaining strength of nerve and endurance, which qualities are both of great importance to cricketers." The marvellous invigorating, health-restoring properties of this genuine Electric Belt are now well known. They give wonderful support to the spine and internal organs, are light and comfortable in wear, and are invaluable in all cases of nervous, muscular, or organic weakness. Descriptive pamphlet, book of testimonials, and consultation free of charge, either personally or by letter, on application to the Medical Battery Company, Limited, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. Those who cannot call should write at once.—[Advt.]

A SACRIFICE TO SCIENCE: A WARNING TO GALLANT YOUNG MEN.


Gallant Boarder: "May I ask where you are going, Miss Wendover?"
Intellectual Boarder: "Certainly, Mr. Allibone; I am going after a few geological and botanical specimens."
Gallant Boarder: "I shall be delighted to go with you, and carry the basket, Miss Wendover."

(Two hours later.)

Intellectual Boarder: "Now, Mr. Allibone, we will look for a good large piece of clouded red sandstone, and then I think we will return."

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

HER MAJESTY has been greatly entertained at Balmoral with the *tableaux vivants* arranged by Princess Beatrice. The Queen on Monday drove to Gleneye and Linn of Dee.

The Prince of Wales stayed for several days at Morva St. Janos with Baron Hirsch. The Princess of Wales, Princess Maud of Wales, and suite attended the Lyceum Theatre on Monday evening, to witness the performance of "Ravenswood." The Duke and Duchess of Fife left Mar Lodge for London on Monday.

The German Emperor and Empress left Berlin last Saturday for Hubertusstock, to take part in the Royal hunt there.

The Duke of Edinburgh and suite witnessed, at the Theatre Royal, Plymouth, last Monday night, Miss Fortescue's first appearance as Juliet.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who had been staying some days at the Villa Albrechtsberg, near Dresden, returned on Monday to Berlin, and visited Princess Frederick Charles at her palace in the Wilhelms Platz.

Lord Salisbury has returned to England for the autumn. Mr. Gladstone leaves Hawarden for Midlothian next Monday.

Lord Rosebery, acknowledging on Monday a letter from the Lord Provost of Glasgow, telegraphed: "Thanks for letter. My wife had an uneasy day yesterday, but her strength is well maintained."

Professor Thorold Rogers, author of various works on political economy, and who formerly represented Bermondsey in Parliament, died on Monday morning at Oxford.

When the Tipperary trials were resumed on the 10th, it was found that the two principal defendants, Mr. Dillon, M.P., and Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., were absent, and no explanation was offered on their behalf. Counsel for the Crown accordingly applied to the Magistrates to sign the statutory certificate with a view so recover from those who had become bail for their appearance the amount of their sureties. After some opposition, based on a technical point, the Court granted the certificate, issued fresh warrants for the arrest of the absconding defendants, and adjourned the further proceedings. It is reported that Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien embarked in a private yacht on the east coast of Ireland, intending to proceed to America.

Mrs. O'Connor, wife of the member for East Donegal, was on Saturday night found in an unconscious state, and bleeding from serious wounds occasioned by a fall from a railway-bridge at Walworth. How the occurrence took place is not known.

The remains of the late Rev. Henry White were interred in Brompton Cemetery on Saturday, after a funeral service in the Chapel Royal, Savoy. The Queen was represented at the ceremony, which was attended by a large number of friends of the deceased.

In the village of Witnesham, near Ipswich, on the morning of the 9th, a black bag, addressed to a neighbour, was found on a doorstep. On being opened a letter was found, signed by a young man named Dixon, stating that he had murdered his mother, a widow. Dixon's house was broken into, and the body of Mrs. Dixon was found in the bedroom with the throat cut. By its side lay Dixon, who had taken poison, and endeavoured to cut his throat. He was conveyed to Ipswich Hospital. An inquest was subsequently held on the body of Mrs. Dixon. The jury returned a verdict of "Murder" against him, but added that he was not accountable for his actions at the time.

Oswald Kendrick has been summoned to the Marylebone Police Court for riding a bicycle to the common danger. Defendant rode along Bishop's-road at the rate of from twelve to fourteen miles an hour, and ran into a line of policemen who were crossing the thoroughfare on their way to duty. Two of the officers were hurt. When remonstrated with, Kendrick asked who were the police more than anyone else. Mr. De Rutzen said he was interested to hear defendant's view. It was wonderful how people on wheels thought they were masters of the situation. But they were not. Defendant was fined twenty shillings and costs.

The British Dairy Farmers' Association has been holding its annual Show at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. There were more entries than there were last year, and the general quality of the cattle classes was high, especially in the shorthorn classes, the Queen being among the prize-takers.

A lamentable City fire will make the day of the first October fog in London sadly memorable. About one o'clock last Monday afternoon a fire, which is supposed to have been caused by the fumes of naphtha, broke out in a hat manufactory in Cloth Fair, City. Some forty employées, chiefly women and girls, were on the premises at the time, and many of them escaped with difficulty, owing to the rapidity with which the flames spread. A number of them saved their lives by jumping from the windows or lowering themselves by extemporised ropes; but five women were burned to death, one man was killed in jumping from a window, nine persons were injured in jumping from windows, and a man who was trying to catch people as they jumped had his leg broken. There was also on the same gloomy Monday a fire at Whitechapel, in which four persons were injured; and there occurred another at Wandsworth, in which one person was injured.

In the presence of a multitude, estimated at 40,000 persons, the memorial service over the remains of Mrs. Booth took place at Olympia on Monday evening. Upon a grand stand, draped with yellow bunting, was placed the bier. A service consisting of hymns, prayer, and procession was carried out with a fair amount of precision, considering the vastness of the congregation, and the difficulty of discerning through the fog the numerals exhibited on the platform. Afterwards the body was conveyed to the Salvation Army Headquarters in Queen Victoria-street. On Tuesday, in one of the most depressing and deadly of fogs, the funeral procession wended its way from Queen Victoria-street to Abney Park Cemetery. A gun-carriage was used—an imitation of that in use with the regular army. A hymn was sung, and then the coffin, covered with a red pall, on which rested the deceased lady's bonnet and badge, was borne on the shoulders of the chief officers to the hearse, and reverently deposited there, amid a cry of "Hats off!" from the crowd—a request at once complied with, amid respectful silence. Then a loud cheer greeted the General, as, bareheaded, he took his place alone in the chief mourners' carriage. He looked wan and haggard, but stood up to acknowledge the salutes of the onlookers. He was followed by the female members of his family, who were all respectfully greeted; but the appearance of a fair-haired individual clad in the flowing robes and turban of an Arab sheik, and bestriding a restive horse, was too much for a London crowd, and the pseudo Oriental was the recipient of considerable chaff. At the spectacle of an utterly impossible Salvation Highlander all semblance of gravity was thrown to the winds, and roars of laughter followed hard upon the wake of the hearse. More bands, more Salvationists, and then a strong body of police brought up the rear of a remarkable funeral pageant.

THE LATE MRS. BOOTH.
From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker-st., W.

The centenary of the birth of Father Mathew, the "apostle of temperance," was celebrated in Dublin last Monday, Lord Plunket and representatives of all creeds being present.

Frank Patrick Slavin and Joseph Patrick M'Auliffe, pugilists, were committed for trial at the Lambeth Police Court on the 10th for assaulting each other in a prize-fight with gloves at the Ormonde Club, Walworth, on Sept. 27.

THE AUROPHONE.—THE DEAF MAY HEAR.—The Auriphone is a new scientific invention of an invisible apparatus to be worn in the ear. It is easily inserted or withdrawn by anyone, and will almost invariably restore hearing to anyone not stone deaf. It can be tested, absolutely free of cost, at the AUROPHONE CO.'s ROOMS, 30, Baker-street, London. Pamphlet sent free and post paid.—[ADVT.]

CYCLE & CAMERA

The New Cycle Club-House.

A CORRESPONDENT wrote to me last week to ask the name of the secretary and the whereabouts of the new club-house. All these particulars I gave two or three months ago, when the house was first taken. But as many readers may have been off then for their holidays, or as the winter season may make others readier to join fresh clubs, let me repeat that Mr. W. J. Harvey is the secretary, and that the club premises are at No. 8, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W. The back of the house overlooks Birdcage-walk and St. James's Park—a delightful outlook for the heart of London. After Charing-cross, no more central position could be had.

The club was to have opened last Thursday, the 16th; but owing to the not unusual failure of workmen to come up to time the opening has had to be postponed until next Thursday, the 23rd, when the smoking concert will be held in the evening. The inaugural dinner comes off on Wednesday, and applications for tickets will be received up till Monday next. There can be little doubt as to the success of the clubs; almost all the leading and most influential men in cycling figure as vice-presidents and in the different committees, and there is already a good long list of members to show.

Nothing has made more talk of late than the recent "Police Notice to Cyclists," issued in the City, to which I referred last week. As many think this but the thin end of the wedge, but the beginning, as it were, of equally strict universal regulations against riders, I will quote it in full:—

"Cyclists are reminded that they are subject to the ordinary regulations for conducting the traffic within the City of London.

"Any person riding a bicycle or tricycle furiously, or so as to endanger the life or limb of any person, or to the common dangers of passengers, in any thoroughfare, will be prosecuted under the provisions of the City Police Act, and on conviction is liable to a penalty of Forty Shillings.

"By order of the Commissioner.

"City of London Police Office,
"Sept. 29, 1890. 26, Old Jewry."

One would think there was not much chance of furious riding within the City limits, but in many parts of London it is another matter. And there is not much doubt that if foolish cyclists go on tearing along metropolitan thoroughfares, if record-breakers, with their pacemakers, interrupt the traffic on a crowded street, as they were lately seen to do among the sport-loving cabbies and 'bus-drivers of Piccadilly, if road-races continue to flourish on country highways, sensible and rational riders will have to bear with the heedless and careless the restrictions that will eventually be put upon the wheel. And this is really the greatest evil to be feared from the present prevailing unpopularity of the sport. There is just now no more serious problem in the cycling world.

Here is a new use for the camera. Americans, who are working for the improvement of the highways, and who are, it must be confessed, more energetic than the members of the English R.I.A., have sent out a circular asking the assistance of all wheelmen in a curious though important branch of their work. They are now collecting from all parts of the country photographs of bad roads! photos. of "the farmer's team and wagon, hub-deep and knee-deep in the muddy road;" of "rough, rutty, and muddy roads in their worst condition;" of "the farmer with his loaded wagon vainly trying to drive his patient team and load out of the inevitable mud-hole;" &c. And these photos, it is hoped, will enable the farmer "to see himself as others see him, and will present a permanent and truthful picture of his dilemma to the people at large and to the law-making bodies of the country." The idea is ingenious, worthy of a Yankee, and the "views" will vie in interest with Mr. Shipton's series.

Colonel Savile has lately returned from a ride in the Ardennes. That which makes this ride of special interest to cyclists is that his is the first *tour* taken on an air-tyred machine of which we have heard since Mr. Joseph Pennell's journey in the spring. The latter did not find the pneumatic altogether satisfactory for a *long ride*; Colonel Savile is enthusiastic, I believe, in his praise. Until the pneumatic has been thoroughly tested on *tours*, the manufacturers will really be at a loss to know what to do about it. For machines that are good on the track or for road races and records do not often stand hard service as roadsters. The question is an interesting one, and the experience of all tourists on the pneumatic would be valuable. Therefore, if any of my readers have taken a many days' ride on a machine fitted with cushion or air tyres, I should be very glad if they could write me the results as far as they are concerned—how the tyre stood the daily wear and tear, what they found its advantages and disadvantages.

N. C. U.

TO CURE SKIN DISEASES.—Sulpholine Lotion drives away all eruptions, pimples, blotches, redness, and disfigurements, leaving a clear, spotless skin. Bottles, everywhere.—[ADVT.]

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.—LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER is the quickest, best, safest, and cheapest. Large Bottles, 1s. 6d. Everywhere.—[ADVT.]

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

The Chelsea Military Exhibition

has developed into one of the most satisfactory entertainments ever offered to the public in the Metropolis. One of the greatest of arts is that of educating a people while all the time amusing it, and this is undoubtedly accomplished by the various exhibitions in which that ever-popular favourite, the military, takes part. An exhibition like the one at Chelsea must go a great way towards the advancement of us all, whatever class we belong to, or whether town or country sparrow, in the many phases and details of the vast military life which fence of the national honour and the interests renders necessary. The authorities are wise in showing the taxpayer—and we are all this, directly or indirectly—what he is getting for his money, and, from the way he has patronised the Exhibition, it is clear that that individual is perfectly satisfied with the way things are done.

No period of the existence of the Exhibition has been more popular than the fortnight ending with last Saturday, during which all manner of competitions, of a more or less severely athletic order, have been decided upon each of the twelve days.

Every Arm of the Service

has come in for due recognition, and every exercise forming part of military evolution and practice has been exhibited.

With good judgment, the final day was reserved for the evolutions of

The Cyclists' Corps,

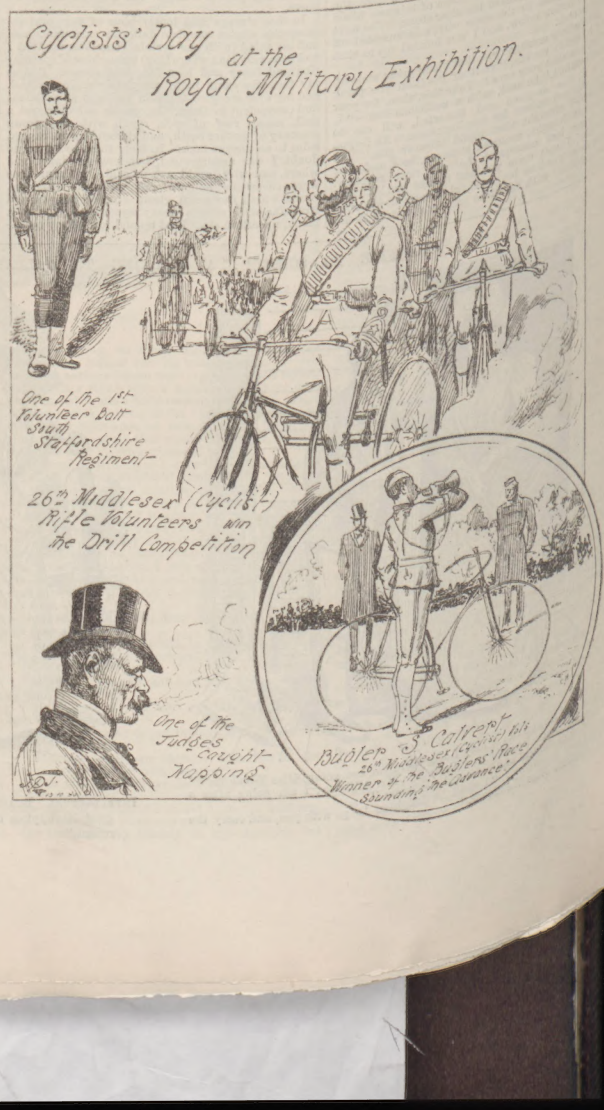
a branch of this service which has of late come wonderfully to the front, owing, no doubt, to the adaptability of the dwarf machine to work for which the high-wheeled machine was quite unsuited, and also to the greater perfection attained in the making and maintaining of roads that is now everywhere manifest.

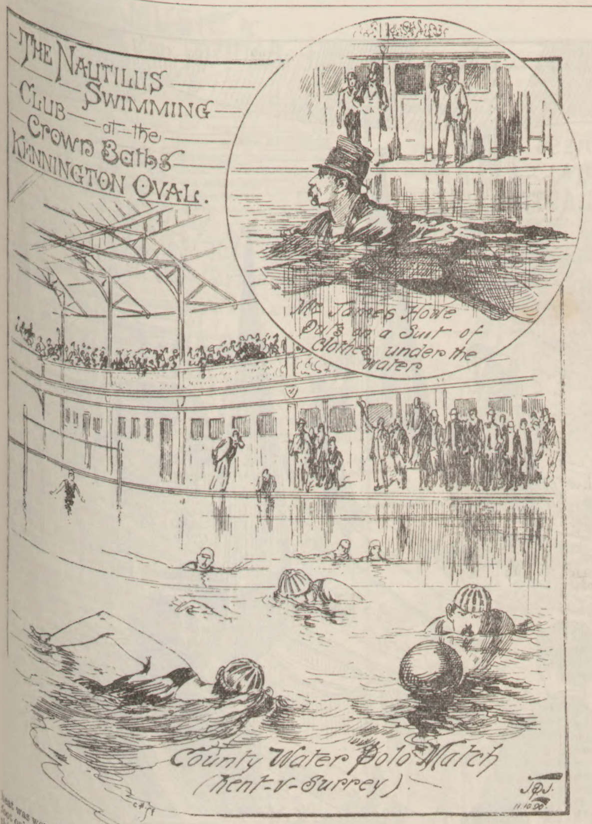
In proper military, business fashion, proceedings on Saturday opened with a cyclists' drill competition between squads of not less than eight cyclists, and Captain Eustace Balfour, London Scottish R.V., had to adjudicate upon the general smartness of the section commander in giving orders, and of the men in obeying the word of command, and of the dismounting, detaching rifles, and keeping distance. The most successful in these matters were the 20th Middlesex (Cyclist) R.V.'s second place being occupied by 1st V.B. Suffolk Regiment.

The arena, cut up as it has been by cavalry manœuvres and various contests, but hardly be considered an ideal racing track, would hardly be was all the more suitable for this particular occasion, since, in action, the military cyclist will have to take his roads as they come—

The Rough with the Smooth.

The one-mile Military Bicycle Handicap was so well patronised that the competitors were divided into seven heats, which were won by the following, commencing with the first heat. Sergeant S. W. Dixon, 20th Middlesex (Artists) R.V. (140 yards); Sergeant A. B. Ward, 1st V.B. Royal West Surrey Regiment (60); Cyclist M. E. Durham, 1st V.B. Suffolk Regiment (110); Lance-Corporal A. E. Ward, 1st V.B. Royal West Surrey Regiment (Cyclists) (90); Corporal Robinson, 26th Middlesex (Cyclists) (60); Cyclist J. Moren, 1st Cinque Port Rifles (110); Cyclist W. P. Walker, 26th Middlesex (Cyclists) (50). The final





heat was won by Lance-Corporal A. E. Ward by a foot only from Moren, Sergeant A. B. Ward being third, two yards behind.

Much to the amusement of the numerous spectators present was the Buglers' race. When the signal was given the competitors, dismounted, had to sound the advance, mount, and ride the course twice. This was done against time, and Bugler J. Tye, 1st V.B. South Stafford Regiment, won in 1 min. 24 sec. Bugler S. Calvert, 26th Middlesex (Cyclists) R.V., second.

Road-Racing.

The practice of road-racing has become so universal, in spite of the discountenance of the National Cyclists' Union, as to be a public nuisance and danger, in many cases. Sometimes a round course can be obtained in an obscure and unfrequented spot, where there is no public traffic to interfere with, but this is the case in but few instances. There cannot be the least question that the practice is strictly illegal, for a cyclist has no more right to

Tear along the Road

at a speed of from eighteen to twenty miles an hour than has a horse-drawn vehicle. The cyclist would be the very first to cry out if anyone were to drive a horse at this pace; what he would write to a cycling organ, if twenty or thirty horses were driven or ridden at one and the same time, I do not know, but it is quite a common thing now for a number of cyclists, riding all manner of machines, to tear along the public turnpike. If the N.C U. does not take steps to stop the practice, the authorities will, and then there will be an outcry.

The Nautilus Swimmers

gave a capital entertainment at the Crown Swimming Baths, Kennington Oval, on Friday se'nnight; and the P.I.P. lightning-artist was there to sketch the salient points. The Nautilus Club had the good sense to invite ladies, thinking, doubtless, that the fairer half of creation, better adapted by Nature for swimming purposes, ought to be able to swim as well as men. There was some smart racing; the ornamental swimming of Messrs. G. Howe and F. St. G. Robinson was graceful; and there took place exciting water-polo competitions. In the water-polo match between Surrey and Kent the first-named won by two goals to love. There was also a polo match between the Otters and Nautilus S.C., the committee of which may be congratulated on the success of their excellent entertainment.

Some remarkably fine performances appear to have been accomplished on Saturday in the

Athletic Championships of America,

which were held on Analasten Island, Boston. For some time past, J. Owen, of Detroit, who is a high-class amateur, has been recognised as a very fine sprinter, and on Saturday he won the hundred yards in record time—viz., 9 4-5 sec. In the long jump, [illegible] Copeland made a great leap of 23 ft. 3 1-3 in., which varies from the record by a mere fraction only. In throwing the 56-lb. weight, Queckberner reached the great distance of 32 ft. 10 in.

The Salford Harriers were not competing at this meeting, having been beguiled by the Manhattan A.C. to compete elsewhere so as not to spoil the chance of the M.A.C. for the club shield, which they had already won twice.

As I Basked in the Glorious Sunshine

on Saturday at a spot where I was passed by teams representing the four most popular winter games—that is, football, golf, lacrosse, and hockey—I thought how very much the best of it had the golfers in this particular year of grace. Although the second week in October is, by the calendar, a fit and proper season for football, in this favoured October the weather seemed all too warm. For lacrosse and hockey matters were absolutely perfect; but Rugby Union players underwent a severe course of sweating.

Many Football Matches

under the Association code were full of interest. In Scotland, for the

Scottish Cup,

Queen's Park, last year's winners, met 3rd Lanark R.V in the second round. The scene of the encounter was Hampden Park, and a crowd, estimated at 20,000 persons, assembled to witness it. Of course they came to see fine play, and they saw it. At half-time the excitement was great, for each had then scored one goal, but the Volunteers had all the best of the second half, scoring three goals to their opponents' one, thus winning by four goals to two. The result was generally regarded as a surprise.

After a series of, for them, very indifferent displays, Aston Villa, in the

Football League

competition, made a very meritorious draw with Everton the victorious. Everton had previously won each of the five matches they had played in this season's contest, with a score of twenty-three goals won to two lost. Aston Villa, however, succeeded in scoring three goals, Everton doing likewise, so their goal totals are now twenty-six for and five against.

The other matches played in this competition were all full of interest. Wolverhampton Wanderers beat Derby County by five goals to one; Preston North End beat Accrington by three goals to one, Bolton Wanderers beat Burnley by two goals to one, Blackburn Rovers beat Sunderland by three goals to two; Notts Forest beat West Bromwich Albion by three goals to two.

The match at Kennington Oval was between the Casuals and Old Etonians, the Casuals winning by five goals to three.

There was some heavy scoring in the metropolitan district under the

Rugby Code.

Blackheath smothered Middlesex Wanderers by four goals and two tries to one goal, the Old Leysians, noted for high scoring, treating St. Thomas's Hospital to a precisely similar beating, the score on the side of winner and loser being exactly the same. London Scottish beat Marlborough Nomads by three goals and three tries to nothing, while Richmond beat R.I.C. (Cooper's Hill) by two goals and one try to nothing. The closest game was that between the Harlequins and Kensington, the Harlequins winning by one goal to two tries—three points to two.

In the lacrosse world,

Lancashire v. Yorkshire

was the chief match, and, in spite of their summer's practice and their defeat of Middlesex, Yorkshire had no chance from start to finish, Lancashire scoring the stupendous total of twenty games to none.

BANSHEE.

LOST VITALITY RESTORED.—THE MEXICAN LIFE PILLS, 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per box. Guaranteed to cure all nervous diseases.—HAYNES and Co., Wednesbury.—[ADVT.]

LIVER COMPLAINTS.—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation.—[ADVT.]

CADBURY'S COCOA.—"A Food alike suitable for building up the growing body, and for repairing the waste which is incidental to all the processes of life."—*Health*.—[ADVT.]

The Racing World

EVEN those Englishmen who had backed Alicante for the Cambridgeshire felt a sort of satisfaction when

Sheen took down the Frenchman,

and landed the prize for Newmarket. Vast was the disappointment of the Frenchmen, who mustered more numerously than on any former occasion when a fancied one of theirs was engaged in a great handicap. They deserve sympathy, because they came to grief just when it seemed certain the fine *coup* was to be brought off. Major Egerton's mistake in assuming the mare was a non-stayer all but put the Cesarewitch in their hands. Sheen came to the rescue, and robbed them of an enormous amount of money in bets. Naturally the Cesarewitch form, in its relation to the Cambridgeshire, was promptly conned over. The first impulse was to

Plunge on Alicante—

a feat at once performed by two gentlemen connected with the stable. In a few moments after business recommenced in the ring, M. Euphrussi's filly was backed in three hands to win £21,000, the odds, 7 to 2, being accepted quite eagerly. Later in the day the matter came to be looked at more calmly and, I may add, more reasonably. The rush was made partly on the strength of Alicante beating a lot of the Cambridgeshire horses, and in a measure on the supposition that she would do better over the shorter course. Quite right were the backers in each instance, but, without contravening the premiss, one might well challenge the conclusion. Because, you see, if Alicante beat Judith and Victoricus, she herself was defeated by Sheen. Sheen meets her in the Cambridgeshire at weights almost identical with those of the Cesarewitch—that is to say, allows 3 lb. only for the two-lengths beating. Again, both Judith and Victoricus have a pull in the weights for the shorter contest. Then as to the foreigner's making improvement, very likely she will, but Victoricus, to take only one of ours, is pretty sure to come on a lot too. We must remember that it was only late in the proceedings Victoricus was sent to go for the Cesarewitch. Up to a few days before the race he was being trained solely with a view to the Cambridgeshire. Further, there are a whole string of fresh horses to meet next Wednesday. For these reasons I quite fail to see where Alicante's 5 to 1 chance comes in, though I should not like to say that she will be beaten. She was not thoroughly prepared for a long race, and her jockey, Luke—who, by the way, rode most excellently last Thursday—never quite believed she could get the two miles and a quarter. She will be just suited by the nine furlongs. But what we must not overlook is the

Tremendous Pace

at which the Cambridgeshire field come nowadays. They start as if they had only five furlongs to go, and someone or other is always forcing the pace all the way. Because of this I shall give Alicante preference to Sheen. In the Cesarewitch Webb could take his time and let the top weight stride at his pleasure till near the finish. Next Wednesday he must keep pretty handy to his horses, or be so chopped that he cannot get to the front in the final spurt. If Sheen and Alicante were to run a match on the Cambridgeshire distance I should stand Sheen, but, with a lot of pace-makers in, his welter weight, 9 st. 12 lb., must be a stopper—at least, so I fear.

Victoricus is

Better than Martagon,

and, as Martagon was believed to be very dangerous by the stable, we see at a glance how great Victoricus's chance must be. He ran very prominently behind Sheen, and at the Bushes went as well as anything. A pile of money has gone on since the race, and, I believe, financial difficulties smoothed out. Despite all commissions for other horses—and they are many—Tostig's owner declines to

Believe in Defeat

as a possibility. Two or three strong orders have been sent out for Mr. Masterman's horse, and there always seems plenty more money to go on. Charley Morton ought to know to an ounce what Tostig can do. There are a few Newmarket folk who fancy Freemason, in face of the run on her stable companion. The fact that on the book Mr. Abington's horse looks fairly in redounds to Tostig's credit, if, as is confidently asserted, the latter can beat the Mason in trials. Galway and Garter, the two G's, are each backed by the stable. As a two-year-old Galway was smart, and the same may be said of Garter. At one time it was assumed that Galway's journey would be in the Cesarewitch, while Garter has been reckoned a candidate for the other event all through the year. I hear good accounts of Mr. Barclay's colt. Garter has yet to be tried with Laureate. Winning such a trial would make him

Good Enough to Win

the Cambridgeshire. La Negligente, trained by T. Jennings jun., will be backed. Theophilus has the worst of the weights with Garter. Oddfellow and Morion, in Marsh's stable. each find friends whose judgment is generally good. According to a recent trial Oddfellow can go very fast, and for a mile and more. He has been supported for the stable. Morion, 3 yrs, 8 st. 13 lb., does not read very taking by the side of some of the other three-year-olds, but, taken through Sheen, he appears to hold a lot of horses quite harmless. This is, I believe, a very much underrated colt. His detractors call him

Slovenly Morion,

because in various company he has only struggled, or appeared to struggle, in, with nothing to spare. That is all well enough in its way, but, sloven or not, he has invariably won. He made hacks of his Hunt Cup field, and on this occasion represents Sheen at 9 st. 3 lb. War Dance is a little fancied as a sort of second string to Alicante. Grand Prior's penalty earned at Leicester may make the difference between his winning and losing. A gentleman who not long ago won a Cambridgeshire advises me strongly to stand Prior. I cannot do that. Tostig, Victoricus, Morion, and Garter seem to me the best. Should

Garter

be defeated in his trial before the day, I must depend on

Tostig and Victoricus,

with Morion for a place. I expect to see a very fine race and trust once more we shall beat Alicante.

The People's Typewriter

THE "MERRITT."

This is exact copy of The "MERRITT'S work. It is equal to that of any High Priced Typewriter. Relieves fatigue from steady use of pen. Improves spelling and punctuation. Interests and instructs children. The entire correspondence of a business house can be done with it. Learned in a half hour from directions. Prints capitals, small letters, figures and characters, 78 in all. Price £3.3.0. complete. British Depot 46, Holborn Viaduct, London.

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR.

BEAUTIFUL TEETH, THE CROWN OF BEAUTY.

When other charms have faded, a sound, white set of teeth redeems the countenance; but they should be brushed every day with **Sozodont**, in order to keep them white, or to render them so. This celebrated liquid

SOZODONT

FOR THE TEETH

is **purely botanic** in its composition, and is **entirely free** from any ingredient which could injure the teeth. On this account alone it is vastly preferable to the ordinary tooth powders and tooth pastes, which contain either gritty particles that wear away the enamel, or corrosive ingredients which dissolve it, and **Sozodont** has largely superseded all articles of its class—a fact which affords the best proof which can be furnished of its superior qualities.

Sold by all Chemists at **2s. 6d.**

BRITISH DEPOT:

46, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

TORPID LIVER

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. TRADE MARK.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, etc. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. 40 in a phial. Purely Vegetable, and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. Established 1856. Standard Pill of the United States. In phials at 1s. 1½d. Sold by all Chemists, or sent by post.

Illustrated pamphlet free. British Depot, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

PAIN KILLER.

The Great Family Medicine. Get a Bottle to-day of PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER. Acts directly on the seat of Pain. Externally it cures Scalds, Burns, Boils, Sprains. Bruises, Toothache, Headache, Stings and Bites of Insects, &c. Internally it cures Colds, Liver Complaints, Headache, Heartburn, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sea Sickness, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach, Colic, Diarrhœa, Cholera, &c. Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. British Depot: 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Avoid Imitations under misleading names.

PAIN KILLER.

MRS. BOOTH AND THE SALVATION ARMY.

One of the most remarkable demonstrations of respect to the memory of that estimable religious worker, Mrs. Booth, happened during the greater part of last week in the large Congress Hall of the Salvation Army at Clapton, an eastern suburb of London. A *P.I.P.* Artist gives us a drawing of the impressive scene in this big hall at the lying-in-state of the revered wife and active helper of General Booth, and the "Mother of the Army."

The Congress Hall is capable of seating about 5000 people, the seats rising from the centre all round. The roof is flat, and from the centre of it is suspended a red, blue, and yellow canopy, covering a space in the centre of the floor, from which, for the occasion, the seats were removed. Groups of flags of all nations, clusters of evergreens, ferns, palms, white chrysanthemums, and other flowers gave quite a festal aspect to the entire hall; here and there were "guards" in the scarlet guernseys of the "Army" uniform. They wore new white caps with scarlet hoods, and round the body they had a thin white scarf. In the centre lay the body of the deceased lady under the canopy, with groups of flags and foliage, plants and flowers all around, together with large numbers of memorial wreaths. Barricades, all in brilliant red, blue, and yellow paint, or covered with crimson cloth, were so arranged as to permit of visitors passing under the canopy in two single files, one on each side of the coffin, the uniformed Salvationists keeping them gently going. Some of the wreaths were very beautiful, one of the largest and most costly being one from rescued girls now in the "Army" factory.

The remains of the deceased lady lay in a polished oak coffin with a glass lid, the face giving every indication of past terrible suffering, while at the same time it testified quite as unmistakably to the placidity and patience with which it has all been so long endured. At the foot of the coffin lay the Salvation Army bonnet and jacket. On the collar of the shroud the crest of the "Army" was wrought in needlework. In the hand was held a portrait of General Booth, and over the head of the coffin was framed,

"*Mrs. Booth's Last Message: Love One Another, and Meet Me in the Morning.*"

On a brass plate on the lower portion of the coffin-lid was inscribed, "Catherine Booth, the Mother of the Salvation Army. Born January 17, 1829; died October 4, 1890. More than Conqueror!" Above the face of the deceased a gas-light was suspended, and beneath a slight pink screen threw a faint tinge on the pallid features. A short distance from the head of the coffin was a large portrait of the deceased propped up on pillows in bed, and it was beneath this that there lay the splendid wreath from the girls already referred to, and inscribed with a card, "With the deepest love and sympathy from Mrs. Bramwell Booth's bookfolders." Upwards of fifty thousand people are computed to have visited the Salvation Army Congress Hall to view the features of Mrs. Booth for the last time.

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

"LA CIGALE," the new comic opera at the handsome Lyric Theatre, is one of the brightest, most melodious, and most beautifully costumed musical pieces London has seen for years, and deservedly achieved such instant success on the first night, October the 9th, that "The Grasshopper" should run continuously for at least a twelvemonth at the most elegant new playhouse in town. I cordially congratulate Mr. Horace Sedger, the enterprising lessee and manager of the Lyric, on this well-merited triumph, which one and all laboured well to gain—M. Audran and Mr. Ivan Caryll as composers; Mr. F. C. Burnand as the poetical and witty adaptor of the story; the excellent company, with captivating and lively Miss Geraldine Ulmar as a delightfully bewitching Marton—"La Cigale"; the adroit Mr. Charles Harris as Generalissimo of the stage; Messrs. Ryan, Perkins, and Telbin as scenic artists; and Mr. John D'Auban as Ballet Master.

There couldn't have been a gayer or more brilliant opening to "La Cigale" than the alluring wedding-fête of pretty Charlotte, with its wealth of picturesque Flemish costumes, white caps, and bridal bonnets, sprightly dances, and tuneful choruses. You see comely Charlotte and merry Marton are respectively the ant and the grasshopper of this lyric fable—married Charlotte, thrifty and full of common-sense; single Marton, flighty, songful, Bohemian in spirit, full of ambition to sing with an opera company she has heard at Bruges. The butterfly soul of Marton heeds not the tender wooing of her peasant lover. Flattered by the attentions of a Don Juan, of a Duke, and by the love-making of Chevalier de Bernheim, "La Cigale," hops from her home to Bruges, becomes a star of the opera, and is courted and fêted to her heart's delight—till one day she wakes to find that the Duchess of Fayensberg, also enamoured of the Chevalier, has seduced her lover from her side; and in an admirably arranged panoramic scene, a swift change from the glittering ball at the Ducal Palace, the heart-broken minstrel is shown pitifully standing at the gate of her old home. It is simply impossible to conceive the rich splendour with which this story is embellished without witnessing "La Cigale," as performed in English at the Lyric.

The tuneful, catching melodies in the latter part of the overture strike the keynote of the many delightful numbers in the opera. On Miss Geraldine Ulmar falls the chief burden of the piece. Warmly applauded for her joyous singing of her opening song, "The Merry Cricket," this dainty and clever prima donna acquitted herself similarly well in the poetical duet that follows with her humble admirer, and in each of the remaining rather long ditties written for her, notably in the *chic* river song and in the sprightly gavotte she sings in the second act, with quite enchanting expressiveness. The rôle is extremely arduous for Miss Geraldine Ulmar, but this gifted songstress and piquant actress goes through it all with wonderful energy, and, by her talented performance, does much to insure the complete success of the opera. The mellow tenor notes of the Chevalier Scovel (who plays the fickle Chevalier in the opera) are also heard to advantage; and he has a winsome little Duchess to pair off with in Miss Annie Rose. As the Duke, as Matthew Vanderkoopen, and as William, Mr. Eric Lewis, Mr. Lionel Brough, and Mr. E. W. Garden gave the requisite humorous relief. Miss Effie Clements sang charmingly as Charlotte, "the ant." Miss Lila Clay's Ladies' Orchestra played the dance music on the stage in the lustrous ball-room scene. Nothing prettier can be seen on the stage than the juvenile Punchinello dances and the lace-petticoat dancing of Miss St. Cyr, Miss Ethel Carlington, Miss Gwynne, Miss Lillie Comyns, Miss Branard, Miss Jannette Desborough, and Miss Mabel Love. The storm of applause at the final fall of the curtain signalised the thorough triumph of one of the best comic operas produced for a long time in the Metropolis.

Signor Lago this (Saturday) evening commences what promises to be a highly successful autumn season of Royal Italian Opera at Covent-Garden with Verdi's "Aïda."

The fertile pen of Mr. Robert Buchanan hit undoubtedly upon a very powerful dramatic theme when it occurred to this busy writer to adapt Doskoieusky's novel of "Crime and Punishment" for the English stage. This adaptation, called "The Sixth Commandment," though it might appropriately have been designated the "Seventh," served to reopen the Shaftesbury Theatre with; and undeniably afforded that admirable actress Miss Wallis and her strong company effective parts; though there was a melancholy preponderance of gloom on the first night. In brief, the story is that of a young Russian Socialist enthusiast, Fedor Ivanovitch (Mr. Lewis Waller), whose sweetheart is betrayed by a licentious Prince Zosimoff, and whose sister is near being wedded to this polished scoundrel, who threatens to denounce Fedor as the murderer of an old Jew if he doesn't consent to the match. Compressed so as to conclude about eleven o'clock, this Russian drama of deep interest is said to play very well now, and the opinion of this (Saturday) evening's audience is to be expressly sought as to the merits of the play, *on dit*. "The Sixth Commandment" is certainly beautifully mounted. And, with regard to the acting, the emotional power and polished style, with the perfect elocution, of Miss Wallis endowed the part of Anna Ivanovna with rare attractiveness. Miss E. Robins as Liza was delightfully simple and graceful. Nothing could have exceeded the aplomb of Mr. Herbert Waring as the dissolute Prince. Mr. Waller's intense style was well suited to the part of Fedor; and the pleasant comedy of Miss Marion Lea and Mr. Wm. Herbert as a pair of lovers was much appreciated.

Mr. Charles Wyndham as John Mildmay and Mrs. Bernard-Beere as Mrs. Sternhold gave much pleasure in "Still Waters Run Deep" at the Criterion last Monday night; pretty Miss Mary Moore never looked prettier, while the jocosity of Mr. W. Blakely was as unctuous as ever.

The Playgoers' Club, among the most constant and enthusiastic of "first-nighters," gave a very appreciative hearing to the playgoing reminiscences of Mr. W. Davenport Adams, at the Mona Hotel, Maiden-lane, Covent-garden. The members, who hold their sociable meetings there and number over a hundred, took up the many neat points of Mr. Adams with the same quickness with which they detect the humorous passages in a comedy, but were not altogether disposed to agree to the genial lecturer's kindly counsel as to the tolerant reception of new plays. THESPIS.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

At last voices full of authority have spoken out upon

Autumn and Winter Fashions;

and, knowing the deep interest taken in the subject by nine of every ten women in the civilised world, I have been "reading up" for the benefit of my readers. It is finally decided that sleeves are to continue full at the top, but narrow from the elbow, and very long—quite down to the wrist, in short; and the glovers are in despair, because, except in the evening, long gloves are no longer necessary. But, as a very short glove is neither elegant nor becoming,

A New Kind of Gauntlet Glove

has been invented, which fastens with a spring over the cuff of the sleeve, thus obviating all risk of an ugly gap at the wrist if the arm is suddenly outstretched. I should myself prefer a glove of three-button length; but the buttons on gloves seem always to run in pairs—two, four, six, and so on. I never saw a glove with only three buttons. I am sorry to say the

Pretty, Smart, Short Jacket

which has been in vogue for some time is about to give place to one of three-quarter length, than which, in my opinion, nothing in the nature of an outdoor garment could be more ungraceful or unbecoming. It is not only dowdy-looking, but it spoils the set of the dress it covers. It is said that long, full

Cloth Capes,

reaching to the waist, and comfortably lined with fur, will also be very much worn. A cape does not suit every figure; but it has the merit of being easily put on and off, and for that reason, if for no other, I like it. I cannot bear being buttoned up into a garment I cannot get rid of, if I wish. I think I mentioned a week or two ago that

Dark Blue and Brown

would be the favourite colours this winter, and so I find fashion has decreed. In blue several shades are competing for the favour of the ladies—or, perhaps I should say, for the

Favour of the Dressmakers,

for fashionable women have no wills of their own when the colour or shape of a gown is in question. The old shade, long unseen, known, for some mysterious reason, as Royal Blue, is pitted against the less glaring and more becoming "Prussian."

Gay Stripes,

which make the material look rather like those Austrian blankets we know so well, are very popular; but, unless we can afford a great variety of gowns, it is quite useless, and very bad taste besides, to buy anything that looks remarkable. "There is Mrs. Dash in that striped gown again. I wonder she is not tired of it." Have you not often heard that remark made upon our next-door neighbour, if, indeed, we have not made it ourselves? It is decreed that

Bonnets are to be Flatter,

if possible, than they have been for some months, with a little tuft of trimming at one side and at the back. The very

Newest Hats

are of a soft silk felt with plain low crowns, and the edges bound with silk galon. These hats are flat in shape—like those worn in the summer, and the brim is slightly curved upwards in front to show the curls on the forehead, and very much turned up and trimmed at the back. They ought to be almost universally becoming.

The Autumn Costumes

I have the privilege of depicting from drawings which appeared in the wonderfully voluminous Autumn Number of the *Lady's Pictorial* are among the tasteful novelties prepared for the chilly season of the year by Messrs. James Spence and Co., of St. Paul's Churchyard—a good place to buy a cheap dress or mantle.

The rational and comfortable dress for autumn and winter wear is of fawn-coloured homespun, with a large check in a paler shade of the same colour. The draperies are caught together with loops of silk cord, and ornamented with large dark-brown buttons. The skirt panels are also faced with dark-brown cloth to correspond, and caught together at the back with a lacing of silk cord, finished with tags.

Now for the sensible cloak designed for Messrs. Spence! This is in blue check homespun, with a deep yoke of dark sapphire-blue velvet. The deep cape is quite a novel feature: it is arranged with a pretty honeycomb design on each shoulder, finishing in a series of small pleats.

Some of you have been reading lately, I dare say, in the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, and elsewhere, about that very good woman

Mrs. Booth,

wife of the "General" of the Salvation Army, who died recently, after a long illness and great suffering, at Clacton-on-Sea. I have heard it said of her that, in olden times, and under a different dispensation to ours, she would have been called a "prophetess." Perhaps so. I do not always understand what is meant when people talk about "prophets," and I think it is enough if we admit that Mrs. Booth was, in her way, a very remarkable and

A Very Sincere Woman.

It was Mrs. Booth who invented the simple style of dress worn by the women of the Salvation Army. They must not be ashamed, she said, to confess

Their Conversion

by appearing before men in plain serge dresses and poke bonnets without flowers. I think it is an open question whether *all* the women and young girls who wear the uniform of the "Army" are really "converted," but I suppose we must give them the benefit of the doubt. I once or twice heard Mrs. Booth speak, and I cannot give

Her Oratory

the very high praise I have heard bestowed upon it. She was earnest and fluent, but not convincing; and something more is required for a really good speaker than earnestness and fluency. She had a very sweet face, and must, in her youth, have been a very pretty and attractive woman. Her funeral, which was preceded by a curious and sensational kind of religious service at "Olympia," took place at Abney Park Cemetery, and was an imposing ceremony from the fact that it was attended by thousands of the Salvation Army, the "General" himself acting as chief mourner.

Have you ever heard of an

"Anti-Scandal Society"?

I heard lately of an attempt that has been made to get up something of the kind with a view to the putting down of gossip and little-tattle of all kinds. But I very much fear that it never will be put down by means of a society; but something might be accomplished by the discouragement of gossip of *all* kinds in households. Gossip is not always

Malicious,

but it not unfrequently drifts into malice, and it is astonishing how much harm can be done by the introduction of even one word. I think it would be a very good thing if people would give up buying those newspapers which really and truly trade, not only upon the shortcomings of well-known, or little-known, men and women, but also catch hold of something perfectly harmless, with which the readers of these newspapers can have no possible concern, and make

Odious and Spiteful Comments

upon it just for the sake of a bit of smart writing. But this so-called smart writing must be very popular, for the papers in which it is found have an enormous circulation. I do not think, however, the evil will be put an end to by means of an "anti-scandal society." I dare say you do not see, at a glance, any connection between

A Milk-boiler

and gossip or scandal; but, just as milk very often boils over and makes a mess upon the kitchen stove, so scandal often boils over and makes a mess by means of an action for libel. Apropos to milk, I wonder if you all know a milk-boiler—it is new to me—which makes it impossible for milk to boil over. It is not by any means easy to describe. Indeed, I do not think I could make you understand it by any description; but ask at the Stores, or at Whiteley's, or at any good hardware shop, if they have a milk-boiler with two cylinders to prevent milk from boiling over, and try it for yourselves.

Do you find that your

Lamp Chimneys

break very easily? They are very often, let me tell you, put too far down in the sockets. The flame is then so close to the narrow part of the chimney that it cracks directly. It is a very good plan to boil glass articles in salt and water. They should be put down in

Cold Water,

and, after being well boiled, they should be allowed to cool slowly in the water. Crockery and china can be treated in like manner. I do not say they will never break after such treatment, but it makes them more durable.

Here is a receipt for a nice

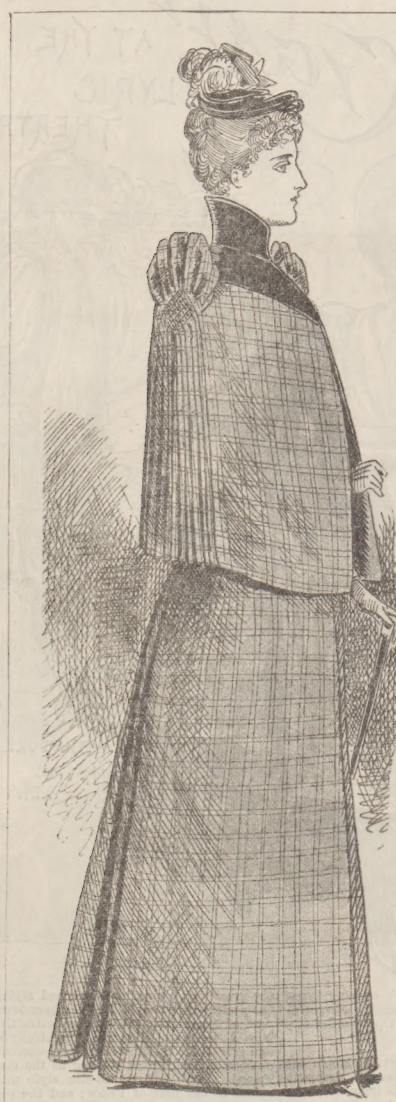
Rice and Fruit Pudding

for the children's dinner. To one pint of milk add two large table-spoonfuls of whole rice, washed clean; two apples cut into quarters; sultana raisins, much or little as you please, and enough sugar to sweeten. Let the whole cook gently until very soft; then add one egg, well beaten, stirring always to prevent burning. When done, pour into a dessert dish, and, if the flavour is liked, strew a little powdered cinnamon over it.

To make **Jove's Bread,**

pare the crust off two twopenny loaves, cut them into thick slices, soak them in milk and sugar, or in white wine with a little sugar in it, until they are quite soft. Then dip the slices in some well-beaten egg, and fry them in butter. When brown on both sides, drain them well, lay them on a dish, and sift sugar over them. The long Vienna rolls are the nicest to use for this dish.

MARGUERITE.



A RATIONAL NEW CLOAK FOR AUTUMN.

A SENSIBLE NEW DRESS FOR AUTUMN.

NOT SO SURE ABOUT IT.

"Here's an item," ejaculated Mr. Billus, who was reading his newspaper, "about a superstitious crank that got up from the table rather than be one of thirteen at a supper."

"That reminds me, John," said Mrs. Billus, "just there were just thirteen that sat down at our wedding supper."

"Well, it didn't bring anybody bad luck, did it?" growled the husband.

"No, I believe not. That is—to none of the others."

Mrs. Billus stared abstractedly at the "God Bless Our Home" on the wall, and Mr. Billus read his paper upside down in silence for the next ten minutes.

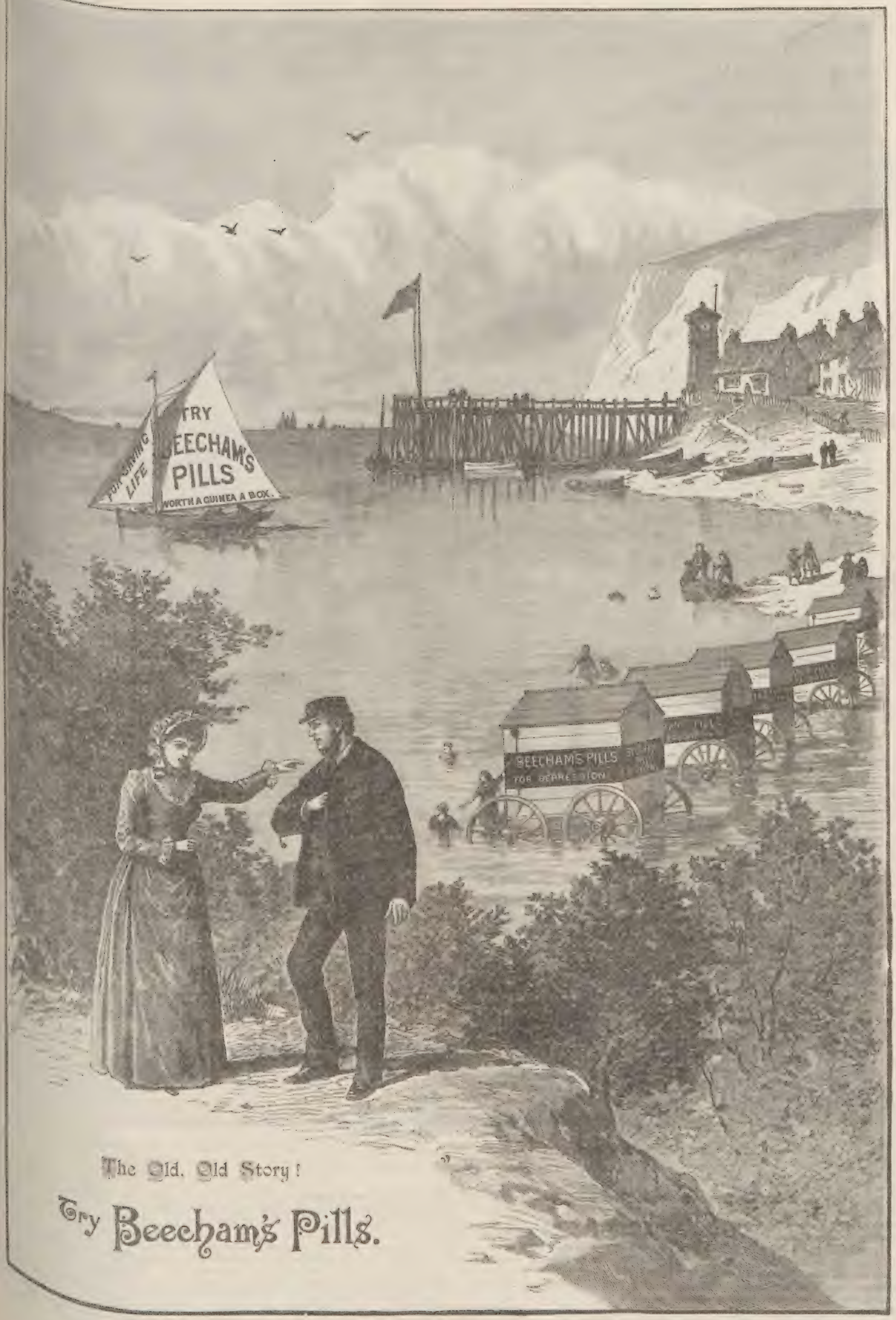
THE DIFFERENCE.

Tommy: "Paw, what is the difference between 'impelled' and 'compelled'?"

Mr. Figg: "Why—er—it—I was impelled to marry your mother, and now I am compelled to live with her. Quite a difference!"

"A Simple Fact About," Keating's Cough Lozenges. Ask throughout the world, in any country that can be named, you will find them largely sold. There is absolutely no remedy that is so speedy in giving relief, so certain to cure, and yet the most delicate can take them. Keating's Lozenge gives ease. Sold in 1½d. Tins.—[Adver.]

To the Deafness or Noises in the Head to your hour of the Cure of Deafness or Noises in the Head to your hour on approval.—Union Deaf Company, Limited, Imperial Mansions, Oxford-street, London, W.C.—[Advrt.]



The Old, Old Story!

Try Beecham's Pills.

THE EMPERORS OF GERMANY AND AUSTRIA, WITH THE KING OF SAXONY, OVERTAKEN BY A SNOWSTORM WHILE SHOOTING IN THE STYRIAN ALPS.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, a genuine sportsman, delights in hardy sports of the kind he has been enjoying in good company in Austria. But he has not been put to so much inconvenience as his Imperial nephew, the Emperor William, was put to during his late visit to the Emperor Francis Joseph. The Emperor of Germany and the King of Saxony, while guests of the Emperor of Austria at Mürzsteg, in the Styrian Alps, in the first days of October, enjoyed the sport of shooting deer and chamois, or wild goats. On their arrival from Neuberg, the nearest railway station, their Majesties were greeted by the assembled peasantry of the Mürz valley. The Emperor Francis Joseph, who is quite at home there, wore the Styrian costume, with a brown cloak of homespun, and what is called a Tyrolese hat. The German Emperor wore a hat decorated with a green band and a rosette of chamois hair taken from the first chamois he ever killed.

At the castle the Emperor's people, in their picturesque Styrian dress, waited in a row with torches and hunting-knives in their hands. Dinner was served immediately upon the arrival, and they soon retired for the night, as the hour for starting to the hunt next morning had been fixed for three o'clock. The Emperor and his guests drove to Mürzzuschlag, where they ascended the Schneealpe, to hunt chamois. The morning was gloriously fine; but about noon, when the chamois-shooting was to begin, a snowstorm burst, of such violence that the rifles could not be aimed, and the sportsmen were in danger of being blown over the precipices.

Even such a veteran hunter as the Austrian Emperor did not get a single shot, but the Emperor William brought down two chamois, and the King of Saxony bagged one chamois and three wild goats. The fog was so thick that it was impossible to see a yard in front, and sport had, consequently, to be given up. In the evening, after dinner at the castle, the Imperial party descended into the courtyard, which was a layer of pine-branches, all the gamekeepers of the day was laid out; the huntsmen formed a square, holding torches.

CYCLING ROUND THE WORLD.

CYCLING is so general nowadays that we are sure it will be of considerable interest to the number-less readers of the *Penny Illustrated Paper* to present them with an illustrated narrative of the latest cycling tour round the world. We printed on Oct. 4 the photographs of the brace of American cyclists,

MM. William L. Sachtleben and Thomas G. Allen jun.,

who have undertaken this interesting expedition on wheels; and we have much pleasure in commencing in our present Number their narrative of what we trust will be a safe and agreeable tour. We may add that their letters will be all the more prized by cyclists from the fact that they will at each stage be illustrated by photographs taken *en route* by the adventurous young American tourists.

FIRST STAGE—FROM ENGLAND TO FRANCE.

(*To the Editor of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."*)

PARIS, Oct. 2, 1890.

Sept. 16 was the date set for our departure from London to continue our bicycle trip around the world. We had expected to start early in the day, but were detained several hours talking to our friends whom we probably would not see again for some time to come. Although it was as late as six o'clock before all was finished, we bid a hurried good-bye to those who had assembled to see us off and wheel away towards the Thames. Some brother wheelmen of the

Paddington Athletic Club

accompanied us across Vauxhall Bridge to the main road leading to Brighton, and there bid us a hearty goodbye and a godspeed on our long journey.

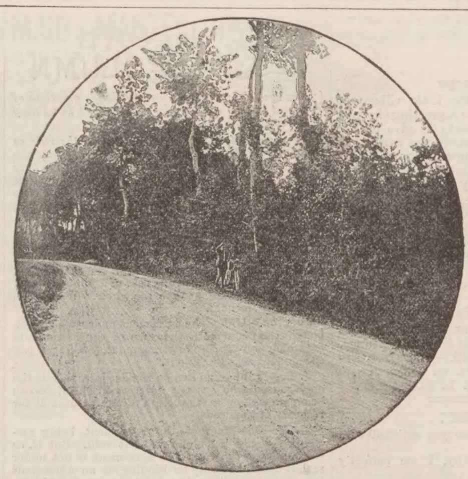
It was quite dark when we reached the little village of Redhill, about twenty miles from London. The town seemed to be in some little commotion when we entered, the cause of which we afterwards learned was an American-Indian doctor, who had been there for some time working some alleged miraculous cures—or miraculous deceptions—in other words, by the means of his potent art. The evening of our arrival he was assembling his forces on the village square for a grand torchlight procession. As we rode through the dense crowd, tooting our horns for passage, a stalwart policeman stepped up and jerked one of us off our machine in a rather unceremonious manner. It seemed that we were not allowed to ride in the village after nightfall without a lamp. When fitting our machines out for the trip we determined to dispense with all weight that was not absolutely necessary. We started out, therefore, without lamp, break, or mud-guards. As we had often ridden in London at night without a light, we thought we were safe in travelling without one. Our economy of weight, however, seemed, now, liable to involve us in some difficulty; but a word of explanation from a member of the Catford Club, who was riding with us at the time, seemed to set matters right, and we proceeded on our way to the

Catford Club Headquarters

for the night. A few hours' run the next morning, over the beautiful green hills of Surrey and Sussex, brought us to Brighton, where we spent the rest of the day in sight-seeing. We left the part of our journey to Newhaven until evening, as we had plenty of time to catch the night-boat to Dieppe at 11 p.m. This, however, was unfortunate, for a heavy thunderstorm came on just as we were leaving Brighton. The heavy downpour of rain kept increasing with the approaching darkness, and the gale that swept over

The Old White Cliffs

from off the ocean dashed the water in our face, and greatly retarded our progress. Nine miles of up and down hill under these unfavourable conditions brought us in sight of Newhaven. The storm had by this time abated, but the night



HALT BETWEEN AUFFAY AND GOTES, EN ROUTE TO ROUEN.

VISTA OF POPLARS SOUTH OF GOTES, EN ROUTE TO ROUEN.

was very dark; and the welcome lights of the town shone out to us like beacon fires from the valley below.

A few minutes' ride down the hill into the town, and we were snugly lodged in

The C.T.C. Hotel,

where we had a chance to change our wet clothing and do justice to a good warm supper. The proprietor of the house told us that Mr. Thomas Stevens had stopped at his place just six years ago on his bicycle trip round the world. We had the honour of registering our names in the same book with that world-renowned cyclist. Several gentlemen of the town, among whom was the correspondent for the Associated Press, called on us during the evening, and kept us talking up to the time for embarking.

PASSING THROUGH THE ARCH OF WELCOME AT THE ENTRANCE TO GAILLON.

REST ON A BRIDGE CROSSING A TRIBUTARY OF THE SEINE.

Our voyage across the Channel was very smooth indeed, and

We Landed at Dieppe

at the early hour of 3 a.m. The bicycles were passed through the Custom House free of duty on the presentation of the C.T.C. badge, which club we had joined before leaving London. A word of praise should be given to this organisation, which has done so much to break down the barriers that have always been placed before the cause of cycling, and which has provided so well for the comfort and pleasure of its wheelmen.

Landing in a foreign country in the dead of night, with little or no knowledge of the language, is an experience not soon to be forgotten. Necessity, however, is the mother of invention, and we were soon

Manufacturing a Language,

which, if it was not French, at least procured for us our necessary wants. After a good deal of perseverance, we finally succeeded in finding an hotel that was open at that late, or rather early, hour, and were soon dreaming of custom-house officers and stupid Frenchmen.

Our broken rest of the previous night made us sleep rather late the next morning, and the sun was quite near the zenith when we wheeled out of Dieppe, up the hill, on

Our Journey to Paris.

From the top of the hill a fine view was obtained of the town and its beautiful harbour, and of the blue waters of the Channel, stretching as far as the eye could reach, along the green hills of La Belle France. By some mischance, we turned off on the wrong road when a few miles from Dieppe, and, after half an hour's riding, we found that we had been traversing a south-western instead of south-eastern course. To add to our discomfort, a storm was brewing on the horizon, and threatening to give us, on a short time, another last night's experience. Meeting some Frenchwomen on the road, we plied them with our barbarous French and pantomime, to obtain information about

The Road to Rouen.

Following their half-intelligible directions, we were next trudging through byepaths and cross-roads in an eastern direction, towards the main road which we had left.

In this situation the rain commenced to pour down upon us, and we were obliged to take shelter in an old barn that we found in an orchard near by. For two hours the incessant rain kept us shut up in our undesirable quarters; but we employed the time well in sampling the French fruit that hung around us in abundance. A sudden cessation in the downpour finally allowed us to venture forth. The roads were now saturated with water, and would have been quite heavy had it not been for our cushion tyres. This invention has shortened many a mile for us on the muddy and sandy roads.

It was quite late in the afternoon before we reached the main road again, and, as we were unfortunate enough to receive another good drenching before long, we were obliged to

Put Up for the Night at Longueville,

after a very unsatisfactory day's run. Having obtained lodgings at the plain and unpretentious hotel of the village, we proceeded to divest ourselves of our wet garments and prepare for supper.

Only those who have ridden a bicycle for many miles in a drenching rain can fully appreciate our extreme pleasure in sitting down with dry clothes on to a good warm meal. The French, generally, are connoisseurs in the art of cooking; but I can say that it was at Longueville, in our plain and humble hotel, that I tasted the finest supper in all our journey. Unaccustomed, as yet, to the French method of serving meals, and thinking that we had already eaten quite sufficient for one meal, we were leaving the dining-room, when we were informed by the waitress that there was still another course to be served. Though somewhat apprehensive of our health, we yielded to the requirements of etiquette, and returned to our seat.

After a Breakfast

the next morning of what the French call café au lait, we continued our journey to Rouen. The roads, which through all our trip to Paris proved very fine, were especially good this morning, being packed by the rain of the previous day. The French roads are macadamised with rock and gravel mixed together, which is packed tighter and tighter by every rain, so that they are thus kept as solid and smooth as asphalt. They are made in many places as straight as an arrow, stretching for miles in one continuous line over the undulating country. In building these roads the French seem to have disregarded entirely the conveniences of the neighbouring towns: in many places a divergence of a half or quarter of a mile would have brought a town or village in contact with the traffic of the thoroughfare. Along either side of these roads is planted a straight row of poplar-trees, which mark off the road from the adjoining country and form a most beautiful vista as far as the eye can reach. The accompanying photographs,

Taken with a Kodak Camera

on the spot, will probably convey some idea of what I have attempted to describe.

Rouen was Reached

early in the afternoon, and the rest of the day spent in looking about that old historic spot. After supper we determined to make

A Run of Ten Miles to Pont de Larche,

a little village farther up the Seine. It was rather late when we started, and darkness overtook us before we reached our destination. The road to Pont de Larche is quite level, and leads, most of the way, along the beautiful winding Seine. As we rode along in the dark we could see a steam-boat plying its way down the stream to Rouen, and puffing its bright sparks out into the night air. Beyond in the distance were the lights of Pont de Larche, shining out to us through the darkness, and offering to us their welcome hospitality.

Our appearance in the little town, with our nickel-plated and blue-enamelled machines, was the signal for considerable commotion, especially

OUR CYCLISTS CHARGING THROUGH A FRENCH REGIMENT ON THE ROAD FROM BOUVIÈRES.

among the younger population. We were escorted by a mob of youngsters all the way to the hotel, where they remained for some time clamouring at the windows for a peep at the "très joli" machines, as they were pleased to call them.

From Pont de Larche the road leads up through the

Beautiful Valley of the Seine,

all the way to Paris. Passing through some very picturesque scenery, we reached, about noon, the little village of Gaillon. At the entrances to the town were erected temporary

Arches of Welcome,

for some horticultural fair that had been held there some time before. These were so strikingly characteristic of the French taste and style that we thought them worthy of photographing. At a little café where we stopped for lunch we were solicited by the proprietor to buy from him a patent right which he had on a peculiar contrivance for pasturing cattle. A clock-work arrangement, fixed in a heavy weighted box, was made to let loose, at a set time, the chain or rope to which the animal was attached. It was a rather ingenious piece of mechanism, and might have been worth something to the right parties; but, as we were not in the buying business at the time, we were compelled to decline with thanks.

The road in the vicinity of Gaillon, and, indeed, most of the way from Dieppe, is lined with fruit-trees, grape-vines, and blackberry-bushes. There are no fences in the country at all, so that the public seem privileged, at all times, to help themselves. The fruit here was just ripening at this time of the year, and we must confess to our readers that we were not at all backward in sampling it.

Several regiments of

French Troops

were met in and beyond the little village of Bonnières. The boys gave us a greeting cheer as we came up, and opened ranks to give us the middle of the road. St. Germain was reached in the evening, and we determined to stop there for the night in order to run into Paris the next morning. We made an early

Start from Versailles,

and thence proceeded through the village of D'Avray and St. Cloud to the Bois de Boulogne and the grand Parisian bouvelard of the Champs Elysées.

And here we will take leave of our readers for a short

Sojourn in Paris;

hoping that they will follow us, in our next letter, through the districts of Southern France, and, in time, around the world.—Yours respectfully,

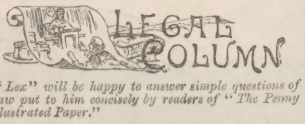
THOS. G. ALLEN JUN.
WM. L. SACHTLEBEN.

TOO SWEET!

BILLINGS: "Well, my boy, are you satisfied with married life?"

Benedick: "Satisfied? Why, I am perfectly satiated with it."

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—ILLD. GUIDE (229 pages, 3d.), "How to Commence."—Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston-road, London.—HY. MYERS. Estab. 1866.—[ADVT.]



["Lex" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."

Correspondents are requested to observe the rule as to furnishing their names and addresses. They are also requested (in cases in which they do not desire to have their own names published) to give some other name than "Constant Reader," for this title often has to appear more than once in the same issue. Some initials or letters could always be given.]

JOSEPH.—This depends on terms of the will. If A had a share as tenant in common, and the will made no provision as to A's death, A's share would go to his heir-at-law. In the case of a joint tenancy, the survivor (B) might take the whole. We assume the land is freehold.

JUSTICE.—Unless the agreement under which you bought the piano states the price of the harmonium for which you propose to exchange it, you must pay the amount asked or lose it.

J. S.—If B has no lien on the deeds, and X is the only person who has any interest in them, X can bring an action in the High Court against B for recovery of the deeds.

M. N.—The fact of the agreement being unstamped would not alone make it void. But if, as we assume is the case, the agreement is not under seal, it would not only be binding as an agreement for a lease, and it would not be safe to distrain for rent. N cannot, however, repudiate it entirely.

ONE WHO WANTS TO KNOW.—When the fowls are on your premises you can drive them off, but must not kill them. You might, probably, prevent them trespassing at all by securing the places where they usually enter. Give the owner notice, and threaten an action for damage.

INGENS.—If you wish to prevent your book from being republished by other persons, you must first secure the copyright by registration. Write to Stationers' Hall, London, where all information as to copyrights can be obtained.

O. L. L.—Your old landlord can sue you in the County Court for any arrears of rent you owe him, and, after obtaining judgment, will be able to levy execution on your goods for the amount due.

P. H.—The fact of the doctor not having sent in his bill does not free you from the debt, and you must pay the amount due, but ask the Judge to disallow the costs of the summons, as there was no application prior to its issue.

P. S.—If the book you mention were seized under a distraint you would probably have no legal claim to it. But could you not protect yourself by recopying the "important information" into some other book?

JOHNSON.—Words spoken by a public officer in the course of his duty at a vestry meeting, and otherwise actionable, may be privileged, unless you can show malice—as, for example, previous unjust attacks or the officer's knowledge that the words were untrue. Spoken slander is not actionable merely because it makes you ridiculous in the eyes of others. It will all brush off when it is dry.

VIRGO.—You can sue for breach of promise of marriage, but should be careful to prove means and prospects of the faithless man. This largely affects the question of damages.

LEX.

THE *Medical Annual* advises Practitioners to remember that when recommending Cocoa as a food and beverage for invalids, the name CADBURY on any packet of Cocoa is a guarantee of purity.—[ADVT.]

100 Years Success

PROVES THAT

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL is the best preserver, beautifier, and strengthener of the hair. It contains no leaden poisons, and is also sold in a Golden Colour for fair-haired ladies and children. Bottles, 3s. 6d.; 7s.; 10s. 6d., equal to four small.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO a non-gritty tooth-powder; whitens the teeth, prevents decay, sweetens the breath.

Ask anywhere for Rowland's Articles and avoid poisonous imitations.

ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION, CHELSEA.
Open from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.
BRILLIANTLY ILLUMINATED GARDENS.
FIREWORKS EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, by Mr. Joseph Wells, of Wandsworth.

ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.
The following Military Bands will perform during the week ending Oct. 25.
1st Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers.
1st Battalion Royal Warwick Regiment.
Bands Play daily from Three p.m. to Eleven p.m.
ON MONDAY NEXT, OCT. 20.
From Three to Five p.m.
GRAND AFTERNOON CONCERT BY THE FULL BAND OF HER MAJESTY'S SCOTS GUARDS.
(By kind permission of Colonel H. H. D. Stracey.)
1. Overture.......... "Oberon" ....Weber
2. Symphony.... "The Unfinished"....Schubert
3. Incidental Music to "Midsummer Night's Dream"..................Mendelssohn
4. Recit. and Air .."O Ruddier than the Cherry"..........................Handel
5. Symphony .... "Number One" ....Beethoven (Complete Work.)
6. Reminiscences of "Tannhäuser" ....Wagner
7. Selection...."Lieder ohne Worte"....Mendelssohn
8. Allegretto from "8th Symphony"....Beethoven
9. Overture.........."Reinzi" ....Wagner
Conductor, MR. EDWARD HOLLAND.

ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.
The following events will take place during the week ending Oct. 25:—
Grand Association Football Match between the 1st Battalion Scots Guards and the 1st Battalion Lincolnshire Regiment.
Display by the 19th Hussars.
Display by the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps, Woolwich.
Display by the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards.
Display by the 14th Hussars, Musical Ride, &c.
Physical and Musical Drill by the Boys of the Lyndhurst-grove Board School, Peckham.

ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.
LAST WEEKS.
WILL POSITIVELY CLOSE ON SATURDAY, Nov. 1.

ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.
Omnibuses every five minutes from Sloane-square and South Kensington Stations.
Steam-boats from all Piers to Victoria Pier (opposite the Main Entrance).
ADMISSION, EVERY DAY, ONE SHILLING.
This Price Admits to all Entertainments.
MAJOR G. E. W. MALET, Hon. Director.

DRURY LANE.—The NATIONAL THEATRE.
AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Sole Lessee and Manager.
EVERY EVENING at 7.45.
A MILLION OF MONEY.—Messrs. Charles Warner, H. Nicholls, H. Standing, C. Glenney, A. Beaumont, M. Quinton, Stanton, &c. Mesdames J. Millward, F. Brough, A. Lingard, Claremont, Dacre, &c. Prices: First Circle, reserved, 3s.; front row, 4s.; dress circle, 5s.; front row, 6s.; stalls, 10s. 6d. Boxes (to hold four), two guineas; to hold eight, four guineas; Royal Box, six guineas. First Tier Boxes, to hold four, one guinea. Second Tier Boxes, to hold four, 16s. Balcony, 2s. 6d.: Pit, 2s.: Gallery, 1s.; Upper Gallery, 6d. Box-office open from 10 a.m. all day. Matinée, Saturday, Oct. 25, at Two.

ADELPHI. — A. and S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers. EVERY EVENING, at Eight, a New and Original Drama by Geo. R. Sims and Robert Buchanan, entitled THE ENGLISH ROSE. At 7.15, THE LITTLE SENTINEL. Miss Clara Jecks, &c.

LYCEUM. — RAVENSWOOD. EVERY EVENING, at Eight. Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Terriss, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Wenman, Mr. Bishop, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Howe, Mr. Gordon Craig, Miss Marriott, &c. Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily, Ten to Five and during the performance.—LYCEUM.

NAMES FOR BOOKS.
100 LABELS (cut and gummed), with your name neatly printed thereon, eight stamps. R. PETERS, 4, St. Michael-terrace, Maidstone.

Now ready.
CASES FOR BINDING THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, ENLARGED SERIES.
Price 2s.; or by Parcel Post, 2s. 4½d.
Order through your Newsagent.
THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London, W.C.

BROOMES MUSIC

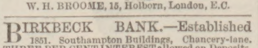
2d Each POST FREE

No.
49. Call me back again.
298. White Wings.
372. Snowdrop Polka.
403. Only to see her face again.
410. Who's that calling so sweet?
411. Song that reached my heart.
421. Dutch Clockman. (A. Lloyd.)
423. Pretty Pond Lilies.
427. Listen to my tale of woe.
428. White Wings Waltz.
433. Tipperary Christening.
443. A flower from Mother's grave.
464. Song that reached my heart Waltz.
465. Who's that calling so sweet Polka.

Catalogues post free.
W. H. BROOME, 15, Holborn, London, E.C.

BIRKBECK BANK.—Established 1851. Southampton Buildings, Chancery-lane. THREE PER CENT INTEREST allowed on Deposits, repayable on demand.
TWO PER CENT on minimum Monthly Balance of Current Accounts when not drawn below £100.
STOCKS and SHARES purchased and sold.
The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with particulars, on application. FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

1/6 STYLOGRAPHIC PEN. 1/6



Holds sufficient Ink to write 20,000 words. Each pen is fitted with a silver point, and can be carried in the pocket, always ready for use. Has a regulated flow of Ink, and glides over the paper as smoothly as a pencil. Post free, 1s. 8d.; or Two for 3s. 2d. Larger size, superior finish, post free, 2s. 8d. Trade supplied.
J. G. WEBBER, Imperial Mansions, Oxford Street, London, W.C.

PHOTOGRAPHS, PHOTOGRAPHS
PHOTOGRAPHS. Just arrived from Continent. Large selection of Photographs, &c. List and Samples of 25, 6 stamps, post free. P.I.P. BOULOGNE CO., 278, Strand, London, W.C.

HAVE YOU A CATALOGUE? 'TIS READY" SHAKESPEARE.
BUY YOUR WATCHES AND JEWELLERY DIRECT.
Silver Watches from 12s.; Gold, 25s.; Silver Brooches, 10d.; Earrings, 8d.; Lockets, 1s. 3d.; Necklets, 3s.; Pencils, 1s.; Scarf-Pins, 6d.; Gold Dress Rings, 3s. 6d.; Lockets, 3s. 6d., Earrings, 2s. 9d. Genuine gold and silver guaranteed. Grand New Catalogue, 1200 Engravings, of high-class Watches and Jewellery, POST FREE on application. See one before purchasing.
S. MEEKS, 100, Spencer-street, Birmingham.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION.
Pimples, Black Specks, Freckles, Sunburn, and unsightly Blotches on the Face, Neck, Arms, and Hands can be instantly removed by using Mrs. JAMES'S HERBAL OINTMENT, made entirely from herbs, and warranted harmless. It possesses a most delightful fragrance, and the lovely clearness it imparts to the skin astonishes everyone. Of most Chemists; or a box of it sent (with testimonials and directions for use), post free and free from observation to any address, on receipt of 15 stamps, to Mrs. C. James, 268, Caledonian-road, Barnsbury, London, N.

HAIR DESTROYER.—JAMES'S Depilatory instantly and effectually removes superfluous hairs from the Face, Neck, or Arms, without injury to the skin. No lady should be without it. To be had of most Chemists; or a box of it sent (with directions), free from observation, post free, 15 stamps. Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, London, N.

LUXURIANT HAIR.—Long Flowing Eyelashes, Eyebrows, &c., are Quickly Produced by using JAMES'S HERBAL POMADE. It is most invaluable for the production of whiskers, beard, and moustachios; it causes the hair to grow on bald places and scanty partings like magic. Of all Chemists, 1s.; or a box of it sent (with directions for use), free from observation, post free for 15 stamps.—Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, London, N.

TO LADIES.—An Infallible Remedy for all obstructions and irregularities. Particulars for stamped envelope. MEDICUS, Glenroy, Fawcett-road, Southsea.

MRS. LEBET'S FEMALE PILLS. The only reliable Pills. They never fail in the most obstinate case. Post free, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d. J. WARNER, 85, Chancery-lane, London, W.C.

THE NEW SHORTHAND.

Had anyone predicted that a system of Shorthand would be invented that was so extremely simple that it could be learnt in one fiftieth part of the time occupied by any other system in existence, ninety-nine people out of a hundred would have declared it to be impossible. Nevertheless, such a system *has* been invented, and it is known as "THE NEW SHORTHAND." A thorough knowledge of the *easiest* of the old systems will occupy at least a year, whereas THE NEW SHORTHAND can be

EASILY LEARNT IN A WEEK

by anyone of ordinary ability, with two hours' practice per day. The cause of this extreme simplicity is that it is based on an entirely different principle from all other systems, which principle is so remarkably plain and clear that the only wonder is that it has never been thought of before.

To everyone engaged in professional or mercantile pursuits a knowledge of Shorthand is nowadays of the highest importance, and has been truly said to be

WELL WORTH £100.

And now that it can be so readily acquired there ought not to be a single person, either man, woman, or youth, in the whole country who is ignorant of such a valuable accomplishment.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS

are unanimous in their praise of this new system. *Public Opinion*, the *Athenæum*, the *Linguist*, *News of the World*, *Hornet*, *Figaro*, *Fun*, *Judy*, *Pictorial World*, *Educational Reporter*, and a host of other high-class journals, far too numerous to mention, recommend it in the most glowing terms, some of them even going so far as to prophesy that in a very short time it will entirely

ECLIPSE ALL OTHER SYSTEMS,

and be the only one in general use. Even papers devoted to other systems (which might well have been expected to be prejudiced) cannot help recognising the merits of the New Shorthand. The *Phonographer*, the *Phonographic Reporter*, *Phonographic Quarterly Review*, and *Phonographic Notes and Queries* all give long articles respecting the new system, and speak of it in the highest possible terms; while even the *Phonetic Journal* itself prints a long discussion on its merits. A large number of unsolicited

TESTIMONIALS

have also already been received, all of which, without a single exception, bear witness to the excellence of the system. A great advantage possessed by the New Shorthand is that

NO TEACHER IS REQUIRED,

it being so easy that no assistance whatever is necessary in learning it.

Writers of Pitman's, Odell's, Gurney's, or any other of the older systems should not fail to learn also the New Shorthand. It is specially valuable to Reporters and writers for the Press, as *no transcriptions are necessary*, it being so simple that almost all compositors will, in a little time, be able to read it.

ALL LADIES

also should learn it, as, besides placing them in a position (if necessary) to earn good incomes, it is rapidly becoming fashionable for correspondence to be written in this system.

Price, complete in two Books, Post free 2s. 1d.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The sole copyright of this valuable system has been secured by W. RITCHIE and CO., and the books can *only* be obtained direct from them.

W. RITCHIE & CO., MAPLE ROAD, ANERLEY, LONDON, S.E.

N.B.—When ordering please state "as advertised in Penny Illustrated Paper."

PARIS EXHIBITION, 1889.—**GOLD MEDAL** awarded to J. S. FRY and SONS.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED **COCOA**

SOLUBLE
EASILY DIGESTED
ECONOMICAL

"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well. IT IS ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO THOSE WHOSE DIGESTIVE ORGANS ARE WEAK.
"Sir C. A. CAMERON, M.D."

PIANO LEARNT IN A WEEK.

Why spend years in learning the Piano by Music? when RITCHIE'S MUSICAL CHORD-INDICATOR enables anyone entirely ignorant of music to vamp accompaniments to thousands of songs (in all keys) and play dozens of pieces, waltzes, &c., by ear in one week. Price, 1s. 1d., or with Book of Songs and full instructions complete, post free. 1s. 8d. W. RITCHIE, MAPLE ROAD, ANERLEY, LONDON, S.E.
(Please state name of this Journal.)

WANTED EVERY LADY to send for the WONDERFUL PARCEL, containing: 1 Beautiful Lace Apron (special value), 1 Lace Handkerchief, 6 yards Nottingham Lace, and 12 Engravings. Carriage paid for 1s. 6d. A Packet of Beads presented with every Parcel. W. COTTON, Weekday Cross, Nottingham.

FUR BOA, very dark brown, real Russian tail, 10 ft. long, very full and soft, perfectly new, value 55s., sacrifice 18s. 9d.—rare chance, genuine fur.—Mrs. P. I. JAMESON, 73, Victoria-road, Kilburn, N.W.

ALL FAT PEOPLE
Should take TRILENE TABLETS (Reg.). The only safe cure for Stoutness. Send 2s. 6d. to TRILENE CO., 70, Finsbury Pavement, London.

TOOTH-ACHE
CURED INSTANTLY BY
BUNTER'S Prevents Decay, Saves Extraction, Sleepless Nights Prevented
Neuralgic Headache and all Nerve Pains removed by BUNTER'S NERVINE. All Chemists, 1s. 1½d.
NERVINE

Celandine
Removes Corns by the Roots in a week when other remedies fail. Easily applied. Worn with the tightest boot. Thousands of Testimonials, free; or a Bottle, post free, 14 stamps, from CHAVE and JACKSON, Chemists, Hereford. Agents everywhere.
F. Hurrell, Esq., Boreham, Chelmsford, writes:—"'CELANDINE' removed my corns without the slightest pain. I have since cured eight men in my employ."

SEND US SIX STAMPS and we will send you a Box of Samples, carriage paid (new specialties), and guarantee you to earn Five Shillings a day and upwards. Satisfaction assured or stamps returned. This is genuine.—UNIVERSAL SUPPLY CO., 126, Clerkenwell-road, London, E.C.

£2 Weekly Realised by Either Sex without hindrance to present occupation. For sample, &c., enclose addressed envelope to EVANS, WATTS, and CO. (P 5), Merchants, Birmingham.

ALL UNMARRIED who would like to see a true and genuine photograph of their future Husband or Wife should send a stamped addressed envelope and one stamp. Curious as this may appear, it is nevertheless a fact.
Address, The A. D. PHOTO AGENCY, 336, City-road, London.

NOTICE!—JOHN CARTER & Co.'s HOMOGENEOUS AND VETERINARY EMBROCATION is absolutely the best. 9d., 1s., 1s. 8d.; half-gallon, 8s. Saddlers, &c., or 11, Tottenham-street, Kensal-road.

STAMMERING CURED through CORRESPONDENCE and TREATISE. Publications lent two weeks, post free, without charge, with 60 cases. Consultation daily.
N. H. MASON, 35, Maclise-road, West Kensington.

DEAFNESS CURED
SAFELY, RAPIDLY, and PERMANENTLY by USING
"EARLENE."
Which has Restored the Hearing of Thousands. Mr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, Cherry Orchard, Croydon, writes: "Before I used 'EARLENE' I could not hear the trains whistle; but before finishing one bottle I could hear the birds sing in my garden." Price only 1s. 1½d. a Bottle, of Chemists; or post free 2d. extra, from THOMASSO'S Dépôt, Westminster Bridge-road, London, S.E.

GONE WHERE THE WOODBINE TWINETH.
Rats are smart, but "Rough on Rats" beats them. Clears out Rats, Mice, Roaches, Water Bugs, Flies, Beetles, Moths, Ants, Mosquitoes, Bed Bugs, Hen Lice, Insects, Potato Bugs, Sparrows, Skunks, Weasels, Gophers, Chipmunks, Moles, Musk Rats, Jack Rabbits, Squirrels. 7½d. and 1s. Boxes, at Chemists only. Wholesale Agents—F. NEWBERY and SONS, 1, King Edward St., Newgate St., London, E.C.

Post free, 7d.,
RUPTURE: Its Radical Cure. An interesting publication by J. A. SHERMAN, Hernial Specialist, giving authentic information how sufferers may be relieved and restored to soundness without life torture from trusses used for its protection.—London: GIBBS, SMITH and Co., 10, High Holborn.

THE MAGIC FEMALE PILLS. BEST, SAFEST, and ONLY RELIABLE REMEDY.
NEVER FAILS.
Cures Obstructions from any cause. No Pills or Powders like them. These Pills are not made from Steel, Pennyroyal, Bitter Apple, or any such useless or injurious drugs, but from drugs far more efficacious.
Post free, 1s. 3d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. a Box.
SIGNOR THOMASSO, Westminster Bridge-road, London.

LADIES' HAIR; WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHIOS
POSITIVELY FORCED to grow heavily in a few weeks, WITHOUT INJURY TO THE SKIN, and NO MATTER AT WHAT AGE, by using EDWARDS' INSTANTANEOUS AMERICAN HARLENE. The WORLD-RENOWNED REMEDY for BALDNESS, from whatever cause arising. As a producer of WHISKERS and MOUSTACHIOS it has never been equalled. As a CURER of WEAK and THIN EYELASHES, or RESTORING GREY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOUR, NEVER FAILS. 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. per Bottle; post, free from observation, 1s. 4d., 2s. 10d., and 6s. P.O. preferred.
T. EDWARDS, 5, New Oxford-street, London, W.C.

DELIGHT TO MAID & MASTER

NO BRUSHING REQUIRED FOR BOOTS AND SHOES.

NUBIAN BLACKING softens and preserves the leather, giving a Brilliant Waterproof Polish equal to patent leather to Boots, Shoes, and all Leather Articles.

Applied with a Sponge attached to the Cork.

It beats the world as a **HARNESS DRESSING.**

Lasts a week on Gentlemen's & a month on Ladies' and Children's Boots.

MUD CAN BE WASHED OFF AND POLISH REMAINS.

Sold Everywhere, at 1s. & 2s. *per Bottle. Reject Substitutes.*

LUSTRE MUSCOVITE for Brown Leather Boots, Bags, Harness, &c. Best Article made. Self Polishing. 6d. per Bottle.

Manufactory—95 to 98, GREAT SAFFRON HILL, LONDON, E.C.

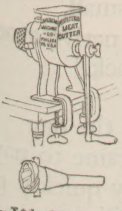
THE PERFECTION MEAT CUTTER.

Equalled by None for FAMILY Use. LATEST, BEST & MOST IMPROVED. No Loose Knives to Sharpen nor to get out of order. Does not press the Juice out of the Meat. Cuts instead of Mashes.

EASY TO PUT TOGETHER. EASY TO TAKE APART. EASY TO CLEAN.

This is NOT simply a Meat Cutter; it does a great variety of work not done by any other Machine. SIMPLE, PRACTICAL, DURABLE, CHEAP.

Can be had from all Leading House-Furnishing Ironmongers. Should you not be able to get the "PERFECTION" from your regular Dealer, he can get it for you from Headquarters.



Cuts not only all kinds of raw and cooked meats, but also a great variety of other substances, such as Suet, Citron, Orange, or Lemon Peel, and all materials for Plum Puddings; Cocoanut, Almonds and Vanilla Beans for Cakes; Chicken, Lobster, &c., for Croquettes; pulverises stale bread and biscuits for frying purposes; cuts vegetables for soup—in fact, cuts almost everything required to be cut fine in the kitchen.

Be sure to ask for and to get the "PERFECTION."

No. 1 cuts 1 lb. per minute 8s. 6d. each.
No. 2 „ 2 „ „ 11s. 6d. „
No. 3 „ 3 „ „ 16s. 6d. „

SAUSAGE-FILLING ATTACHMENT 1s. 9d., 2s., 2s. 6d. extra.

CHAS. CHURCHILL & CO., Ltd., 21, Cross St., Finsbury, London, E.C.
Who will also be pleased to send full Descriptive Circulars on Application.

"PATENT CANVAS HOUSE SHOE,"

For the Warehouse, Workshop, Street, Coast, and Country. Also for Cycling, Yachting, and Lawn Tennis.

Made of Canvas, with strong Plated Jute Sole, which will last nearly TWELVE MONTHS with ordinary wear. They are comfortable and healthful for the feet, noiseless, give thorough ventilation, and absorb perspiration. Recommended by the *Lancet* for "Cold and Tender Feet."

	Chldn's.	Ladies.	Gents.
Prices (post free)			
A. Plain Shoes (without strapping)	1/6	1/9	2/3
B. Shp. Canvas (as per illustration) ..	..	2/6	2/9
C. Velvet uppers (Black) ..	..	3/0	3/3

Special Offer.—To purchasers of three pairs at one time we allow a reduction of 2d. per pair; 12 pairs or more, 3d.

PATENT CANVAS SHOE COMPANY, 32, BATH STREET, GLASGOW. P.O.'s, &c., payable to A. McAUSLAN. *Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties, post free, 1d.*

WATCHES.—In Bankruptcy. 500 Solid SILVER WATCHES, four holes jewelled, 10s. 6d. each; superior ditto, 12s. 6d. Being genuine, any sent post free on approval.—BENNETT, Practical Maker, Accountant, and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey. Lists and Prices of others post free.

LEVER WATCHES—LEVER WATCHES. WHY go to large shops and pay five guineas, when you can buy the same with a five-years warranty for Two Guineas? Sent on approval post free.—BENNETT, Practical Maker and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey.

CLOCKS—IN BANKRUPTCY—CLOCKS. 500 LARGE MARBLE CLOCKS, variegated pillars, gold lines, going 15 days, 15s. 6d. each. Any sent on approval, with five years' warranty.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

MUSICAL BOXES—IN BANKRUPTCY. 150 LARGE powerful-tone BOXES, playing six tunes, 30s.; usual price, £4 4s. 100 ditto, playing eight tunes, extra large, £2 2s.; usual price, £6 6s. Any sent on approval. List of tunes post free.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

THE "EXCELSIOR" WATCH 19s.

SILVER 19s.

LADY'S ENGRAVED CASE.

GENT'S—A LARGER SIZE.

WONDERFUL TIMEKEEPER. Lady's Silver Case, Crystal Plate Glass, Six Jewels, Lady's or Gent's, 19s. post free. Written Warranty. Full particulars and Remarkable Testimonials in our SPLENDID NEW CATALOGUE. Elegantly Illustrated with 1100 Engravings, containing "HOW TO CHOOSE A WATCH," "WHAT IS A PERFECT WATCH?" &c., sent Gratis.

50s. ENGLISH LEVER. 50s. Capped, Jewelled, and warranted. Marvellous value. A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL ALLOWED

THE "KNOCKABOUT" WATCH, 7s. 9d.; **Keyless Ditto, 9s. 6d.** Marvellous and genuine. Guaranteed timekeepers.

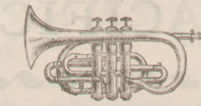
DO NOT BUY JEWELLERY at a Shop. Send direct to the Manufacturers. Hall-marked Name Brooch, 1s. 6d.; large Silver Brooch, 1s.; Imitation Diamond Earrings, 1od.; Horseshoe Scarf-Pin, 6d.; Lady's Albert, 4s. 6d.; Gent's Hall-marked Albert, 6s. 6d. All genuine Silver. Gold Keeper Rings, 3s.; Gold Earrings, 2s. 9d.; also Gold Jewellery, Electro-Plate, and Cutlery. Every Pattern Illustrated. SEND POSTCARD FOR CATALOGUE.

C. LANGDON DAVIES and CO., Belgrave House, Bristol-street, Birmingham. WATCH CLUBS SUPPLIED.

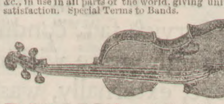
TO STOUT PEOPLE

OBESITY easily, pleasantly, and certainly cured without hardship or nauseating drugs. A valuable Treatise, showing how fat can be destroyed (not merely lessened) and the cause removed, together with the prescription, advice, and full explanations HOW TO ACT, sent FREE on application. "The only common-sense work on corpulency ever issued."—N.Y. Med. Review. E. K. LYNTON, Bloomsbury Mansion, Bloomsbury, London.

CURE OF DEAFNESS.—NOISES IN THE EARS.—The Rev. E. J. SILVERTON will be happy to give advice, free of cost, to any sufferer. Over twenty years' experience. New Treatise, post free, 6 stamps.—Address, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate-circus, London.



BUTLER'S BRASS - BAND INSTRUMENTS.—Drums, Flutes, Clarionets, &c., in use in all parts of the world, giving universal satisfaction. Special Terms to Bands.



BUTLER'S MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. — Guitars, Banjoes, Flutes, Concertinas, Harmoniums, Pianos. Violins, with bows, in case, complete, 20s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., to £10.

29, HAYMARKET, LONDON.
ILLUSTRATED PRICE-LIST POST FREE.

DON'T READ THIS!

Unless you like Music. One of our facile self-instructors is presented gratis with every instrument. Price lists free. Violins. Complete outfits with bow, resin, self-instruction book, &c., 6s. 6d., 7s. 9d., 10s. 6d., 21s. Banjoes, 5s. 6d., 9s. 6d., 11s. 3d., 15s., 23s. Bugles, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 6s. 9d. Zithers, 5s. 9d., 10s. 6d., 15s. 6d. Cornet in case, 23s. Flutes, 2s. 10d., 3s. 3d., 6s. 6d. Mandoline, 25s. Melodeons, 5s. 2d., 6s., 8s. 6d. Concertinas, 4s. 3d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. Nigger Wigs, 1s. 5d. Bones, 1s., 2s. Nigger, black or red, 8d. Tambourines, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d. Fairybells, 8s. 6d. Ocarinas, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. Dulcimers, 4s. 6d., 6s., 8s. Set of 5 violin strings, 1s. 2d. Set of 6 banjo strings, 1s. 2d. Music, songs, &c., at trade prices. A single article at wholesale price and carriage paid. The STAINER MANUFACTURING CO. (S dept.), 31, Moorgate-street, London.

D'ALMAINE and CO. PIANOS and ORGANS. ABSOLUTE SALE. 50 per cent discount. Ten years' warranty. Easy terms. Cottage Pianos, 8 guineas, 10 guineas, 12 guineas, &c.

Class 0, 14 gs.	Class 3, 23 gs.	Class 6, 35 gs.
Class 1, 17 gs.	Class 4, 26 gs.	Class 7, 40 gs.
Class 2, 20 gs.	Class 5, 30 gs.	Class 8, 45 gs.

American Organs, by all the best makers, from 4½ gs. upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years if one of a higher class be taken, and will be exchanged free if not approved of within one month. Illustrations and particulars, post free.—T. D'ALMAINE and CO. (Est. 104 years), 91, Finsbury-pavement, London.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of all kinds, and FITTINGS, at T. R. WILLIS' ("Tower" Organ Works), 45, Leman-street, London, E. (late 29, Minories). Established 1827.

HARRIS'S PERAMBULATORS

From 30s. Complete.

Sen to any part of the country on Easy Terms, 5s. per month. Do not fail to send for designs and full particulars, Post Free.

W. J. HARRIS and CO., Limited, THE LARGEST MAKERS IN THE WORLD, 219, OLD KENT ROAD, and 69, NEWINGTON CAUSEWAY, LONDON, and Branches.

IRISH LINEN COLLARS.

4/6 Gents' Four-fold Linen Collars, 4s. 6d. per dozen, extra quality, 6s. 6d. per dozen. White Shirts, Linen Fittings, 3s. 9d., 4s. 9d., 5s. 9d., and 6s. 9d. each. Samples and Illustrated Price Lists of Irish Linen and Irish Tweeds, Free. Carriage paid on all parcels over 10s. in value.

G. R. HUTTON & CO., LARNE, BELFAST.

EDITOR'S NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXTRACT FROM AN EDITORIAL NOTICE IN "LADY'S PICTORIAL."

Under the quaint title "Wylwyrwell," or otherwise "Will-Wear-Well" cloth, Mr. Lutas Leathley, the well-known woollen merchant of Armley, near Leeds, has brought out this season a beautiful and novel material for ladies' dresses, which will be found altogether unrivalled for wonderful wearing qualities, combined with marvellously moderate prices. A complete dress length of a good serviceable winter material, when offered for half a guinea in all the newest colours, must in itself prove an irresistible bargain to the female mind. We must confess that as a rule we look somewhat doubtfully upon very cheap goods, but, after having given these cloths a personal trial, we can assure our readers that they may at once yield to the temptation to purchase one of Lutas Leathley's wonderful half-guinea dress lengths without a moment's hesitation or the slightest mistrust as to the ultimate consequences. We have just had the pleasure of looking through the new patterns of "Wylwyrwell" cloth, specially prepared for the forthcoming season, and our readers will no doubt be interested to know that the present range of artistic colours will be found to include all the newest and most fashionable shades, specially dyed for Mr. Lutas Leathley. The natural homespun colourings will be found specially suitable for tailor-made gowns, and our readers will also find many beautiful shades, in the way of all the newest tones of copper and terra-cotta, réséda, myrtle, and bronze green, purple, fawn, and grey, with several very novel shades of tan colour and brown, and the always useful and lady-like navy blue. All these materials measure fifty inches, and on receipt of half a guinea Mr. Lutas Leathley is prepared to send a dress length of six yards, carriage paid, to any address in the United Kingdom. In the present fashion for plain full skirts, six yards will be found an ample quantity, but in case any additional quantity should be required, as, for instance, for a jacket or cape, Mr. Lutas Leathley is prepared to cut any length at the rate of 1s. 9d. a yard. With every dress length sold this season a handsome brocaded silk handkerchief will be given away. Among the ladies who were last year supplied with half-guinea dress lengths of Mr. Leathley's wonderful cloths were the Marchioness of Waterford, the Marchioness of Drogheda, the Countess of Suffolk, the Countess of Westmeath, Lady Idina Brassey, Lady Greville, Lady Miller, Lady Forster, Lady Redhouse, Lady Grove, and Lady Goldsworthy. Patterns of these wonderful cloths will be sent to any address post free, and as the demand for patterns at this season of the year is naturally very great, ladies will do well to make their application without delay.

Write at once for a full set of patterns (which need not be returned), and you will be astonished when you see them.

C. LUTAS LEATHLEY & CO.,
WYLWYRWELL FACTORY, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

1s. BE IN TIME. 1s.

1s. CHRISTMAS LUCKY BOXES. 1s.

EVERY BOX CONTAINS a SPLENDID ARTICLE of ASSYRIAN GOLD or SILVER JEWELLERY, WORTH AT LEAST DOUBLE THE MONEY PAID.

MANY of the BOXES will be FOUND to CONTAIN PRIZES SOLD by RETAIL JEWELLERS at from 10s. to 15s. each.

STERLING SILVER WATCHES WILL FROM TIME TO TIME BE INCLUDED.

The Magnificent Collection of Jewellery consists of ASSYRIAN GOLD Brooches, Earrings, Lockets, Necklets, Bracelets, Guard Chains, Victoria Alberts, Gem Rings, Albert Chains (marked 18c. on every link), Scarf Rings, Breast Pins, Diamond Rings, Charms, Gold Pencil-Cases, &c.

1s. JUST READ THIS. 1s.

To every Purchaser of one of these Lucky Boxes I will present, Free, a Bonus Packet for dull Evenings' Amusement.

1s.—BONUS PACKET.—1s. CONTAINS

100 beautiful Relief Scraps, for Albums, &c.; also Six splendid French Chromo Pictures; also a Cure for Love; also a Comical Curious Love-Letter; also Mother Shipton's Prophecies; and last, but not least, a LOVELY ASSORTMENT OF CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S CARDS.

Remember, all the above given FREE with the LUCKY BOX.

This is, without doubt, the most extraordinary Shilling's-worth ever offered; and, as this Advertisement may not appear again, early application is requested.

Remember, the CHRISTMAS LUCKY BOX and the BONUS PACKET ALL FOR ONE SHILLING; or, carriage paid, 15 stamps; two for 2s. 3d.

Readers will therefore CUT THE COUPON OUT, and say how many required. We feel confident that they will delight all. Each article will form a suitable and handsome present for those who wish to have something to give away. Being makers, we are enabled to supply articles that can be viewed with admiration at one half the usual retail price.

DO NOT MISS THIS GRAND OPPORTUNITY.

We have no hesitation in announcing this the GREATEST DISTRIBUTION in the Jewellery Trade.

The Coupon must be sent, in all cases, with name and address written very plainly.

As the demand for these articles is expected to be very great, the EARLY RETURN of COUPONS will prevent delay in delivery. All Coupons will be taken in rotation as they arrive.

P.] LUCKY BOX COUPON. [I.
This Coupon entitles the holder to one or more LUCKY BOXES and BONUS PACKETS, carriage paid. One for 1s. 3d., Two for 2s. 3d., Five for 5s.
The Two Lots for the price of One.

Stamps taken, but Post Office Orders preferred, as they are much safer, made payable at Matthias-place.

JOHN J. CARTER,
WHOLESALE JEWELLER, &c., MATTHIAS ROAD, LONDON, N.
Established 1870.

THE NEW MODEL STEAM-ENGINE.—Will work by steam for half an hour. Strong metal boiler, flywheel, man-hole, furnace, &c., complete. Carriage free, 15 stamps.—J. J. CARTER, Matthias-road, Stoke Newington, London, N.

THE STEAM DANCING NIGGER. Strong metal boiler, on tripod stand, brass dancing-platform, lubricator, flywheel, lever, and Nigger, with furnace complete. Dances each time for one hour. Carriage free, 2s. 9d.
J. J. CARTER, Matthias-road, London, N.

1s. 6d. GOLD! GOLD! 1s. 6d.

For Eighteen Stamps I will send, FOR THIS MONTH ONLY, An ASSYRIAN GOLD CURB or FETTER LINK GENTLEMAN'S ALBERT CHAIN.

The links are every one stamped 18c., and cannot be told from one costing 20 guineas.

J. J. CARTER, Importer,
MATTHIAS ROAD, STOKE NEWINGTON, LONDON, N.

1s. PHILADELPHIA POCKET 1s.

1s. TIME INDICATOR. 1s.

(Patented). Size and shape of an ordinary watch; strong metal cases, steel works, balanced action, enamelled dial, crystal glass dome, patent adjusting swivel ring for attaching to watch-guard. Each denotes correct solar time, and is warranted for five years. Post free, 1s. 3d. Two for 2s. 3d.

J. J. CARTER, Importer,
MATTHIAS ROAD, STOKE NEWINGTON, LONDON, N.

TOO FAT.

Dr. GORDON'S Elegant PILLS cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s. to DR. GORDON, 10, Brunswick-square, London, W.C.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S (BREAKFAST) COCOA

NEEDS ONLY BOILING WATER OR MILK.

THE PUREST CONFECTIONERY CHEAPER THAN EVER, supplied by JOHN H. CATES, Wholesale and Export Confectioner, 90, High-street, Borough, S.E.

Town and Country Dealers will find no better house. Trade Price-Lists free by post. All orders to the amount of £2 and upwards carriage paid to any railway station within 250 Miles of London; beyond that distance 5 per cent will be allowed off Invoice in lieu of carriage; and all orders to the amount of £1 carriage paid within Carter, Paterson, and Co.'s delivery. Goods delivered in Town and Suburbs by our own van daily.

Cheaper and More Nutritious than Extract of Beef ONLY.

EDWARDS DESICCATED SOUPS

Registered Trade Mark "Desiccated Soups."

BEEF AND VEGETABLES COMBINED,

For SOUPS, GRAVIES, HASHES, STEWS, &c. COOKERY BOOK gratis and post free.
F. KING and CO., Limited,
3-6, CAMOMILE STREET, LONDON.

FREE TO ALL

Send a Postcard to-day for a Sample of WILLIAMSON and SONS' BROKEN-LEAF TEA at 1s. 5½d. per lb., and compare it with any 2s. 6d. Tea in the World. The greatest phenomenon of the age in Tea.

Kindly mention this Paper.

WILLIAMSON and SONS, Wholesale Tea Blenders, 139, Upper Thames-st., London, E.C.

FOR BREAKFAST.

THE PERFECTION OF PREPARED COCOA.

TAYLOR BROTHERS' "MARAVILLA" COCOA.

Sold in Tin-lined Packets only by all Grocers.

A SOLUBLE COCOA,

Making a delicious beverage of the consistency of Tea.

TAYLOR BROTHERS' PURE COCOA.

AN AFTERNOON CHOCOLATE.

Sold in Tins only, by all Grocers.

TAYLOR BROTHERS,

MARAVILLA, HOMŒOPATHIC, ROCK, FLAKE, PEARL, and PURE COCOA MANUFACTURERS.

Brick-lane and Wentworth-street Steam Mills, Spitalfields, London.

MEN OUT OF HEALTH with Pimples, Blotches, Unhealthy Sores, Wounds, &c., arising from an impure condition of the Blood, or suffering from General Weakness and Debility, should write to-day for free advice.
Messrs. WILKINSON, Baker's-hill, Sheffield.
Established 60 Years.
Send for the "Mirror," in envelope, free.

IZOD'S PATENT CORSETS are THE BEST.

PREPARED BY A NEW AND SPECIAL SCIENTIFIC PROCESS.

Medical opinion recommends them for the Health. Public opinion all over the world unanimous that they are unsurpassed for Comfort, Style, and Durability. Sold all over Europe, and everywhere in India and Colonies. Name and Trade Mark Anchor on every pair and box. Ask your Draper or Outfitter for IZOD'S make; take no other, and see you get them, as bad makes are often sold for sake of extra profit. Write for our sheet of drawings.

E. IZOD & SON,
30, Milk-street, London.
Manufactory, Landport, Hants.

NOBLE'S SERGES

For Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's wear, in all styles, colours, widths, and qualities, from 5½d. to 12s. 6d. the yard.

Such a large collection of diverse styles in Serges cannot be obtained elsewhere.

Everyone should see them, and buy them, as they stand UNRIVALLED for appearance, economy, and wear; in fact, if they have a fault at all, it is that they wear too long.

WRITE AT ONCE (naming this Paper) for Pattern Books, post free on approval, and see for yourselves the MARVELLOUS VARIETY and CHEAPNESS. Noble's New Illustrated Catalogue should be in every home. Send for a copy gratis, and post free.

JOHN NOBLE,
Serge Warehouse, MANCHESTER.

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA.

I will demonstrate to the whole world and to sufferers from these unfortunate maladies how they can be permanently cured by an entirely New Method of Treatment, without the chance of failure. All afflicted may write with full confidence to Mr. WILLIAMS, 11, Burwood-place, Norfolk-crescent, London, who will send full particulars to any person, free of all charge.

LAUNDRY GLAZING SECRET. Cuffs, Collars, and Fronts like White China. Nothing used in the Starch. No polishing iron required. Particulars free.—LAUNDRY, 29, Liscard, Birkenhead.

GLAZING SHIRTS and COLLARS. MADAME MABEL'S LINEN ENAMEL, supplied to the principal laundresses in Great Britain. No polishing iron required. Sample per sample post, 6 stamps.—9 T, Horder-road, Fulham, S.W.

DO NOT FAIL

to send for design showing exact size of our

DEFIANCE LOCKSTITCH MACHINE.

WORKS BY HAND OR TREADLE.

Only 40s. Complete.

Warranted for 4 years. Especially adapted for Dress-making and Family Sewing, and so simple as to require no instruction beyond the Guide-Book which is given (and all accessories) with each Machine. Supplied on easy terms—at **5s.** per Month. Particulars post free.

W. J. HARRIS and CO., Limited,
219, OLD KENT ROAD, and 69, NEWINGTON CAUSEWAY, LONDON, and Branches.

Over 50,000 Beds already Sold by us.

NEWHAM'S CELEBRATED LINCOLNSHIRE FEATHER BEDS.

STEAM PURIFIED, HAND PICKED, AND DUSTED.

Direct from Boston, Lincolnshire. (*Carriage Free at less than Wholesale Prices.*)

AN OLD BEACON TOWER.

BOSTON, Lincolnshire, is known far and wide as the parent of Boston, America; but very few who have heard of its fame have seen the massive proportions of its Parish Church. We have, therefore, pleasure in giving a fine Engraving of this old English Church. Boston Stump can be seen at a distance of forty miles at sea, and formerly served as a beacon over Lynn Deeps.

NEWHAM and CO.'S Celebrated FEATHER BEDS, too, are made at Boston, Lincolnshire, and have a world-wide reputation. Samples of Feathers and Price Lists sent FREE on application to the Manager, NEWHAM and CO.'S Feather Factory, BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.

Messrs. P. I. NEWHAM and CO. are now offering their celebrated FEATHER BEDS at the following greatly reduced prices:—

No. 1.—Single Bed, Bolster, and Pillow, 6 ft. 3 in. by 3 ft. 6 in., weighing 40 lb.	30s. 0d.
No. 2.—Double Bed, Bolster, and Two Pillows, 6 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 6 in., weighing 50 lb.	37s. 6d.
No. 3.—Double Bed, Bolster, and Two Pillows, 6 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 6 in., weighing 55 lb.	41s. 3d.
No. 4.—Extra Double-sized Bed, Bolster, and Two Pillows, 6 ft. 6 in. by 5 ft., weighing 65 lb.	48s. 9d.

WARRANTED NEW AND SWEET.

Any sized Bed only 9d. per lb., including Feathers in White (bordered) Tick, making, packing, wrapper, Carriage Paid to any Station in the United Kingdom. SUPERIOR BEDS. Splendid Feathers, Linen Tick, 1s. per lb.

Samples of Feathers and Ticks, Price Lists, &c., post free.

For the convenience of the public, several sizes, weights, and qualities of Beds are made; and, as the demand for each Bed is large, a stock is kept ready made, so that all orders may be executed the same day as received. For the convenience of Purchasers, we have opened Branches at 178, STRAND, LONDON, W.C., and 55, GREAT ANCOATS-STREET, MANCHESTER, where Samples and Beds can be obtained personally, or by Letter. All orders must be accompanied by Cheque or P.O.O. (which, as security to Purchasers, may be post-dated ten days), payable to

P. I. NEWHAM & CO., Boston, Lincolnshire; THOMAS DOWNES, 55 Great Ancoats-street, Manchester; or THOMAS SMITH, 178, Strand, London.

Feathers only 9d. per lb. The Trade supplied. Please mention this Paper. A great reduction on Three or more Beds.

AN UNPACIFIC YARN.

THE Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, in Unpacific Seas,
A Service fair, conducted there, in dignity and ease;
Though white within, and free from sin, it was a fact that he
Unto the eye, externally, was black as black could be.

The Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, belovéd was of all,
The Unpacific residents, his people great and small,
They often said, "A Bishop bred, and born of native stock
Is fitter than another man to guide a native flock."

But Oh! Alas! a dreadful pass he came to on the day
That Bishop Brown, of Monkeytown, a visit came to pay;
Whose features fair, and silver hair, their fancy quickly gain'd,
Whose tuneful voice, and learning choice, affection soon obtained.

The natives all, both great and small, admitted with a groan
That Bishop Brown, of Monkeytown, was better than their own;
That though they knew that Bishop Q. was pure and free from guile,
He must arrange to make a change, and leave his native isle.

Then Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, his visage wet with tears,
Repair'd to Brown, of Monkeytown, to intimate his fears
That base and rude ingratitude, and unbecoming slight,
Would bleach with care, his agéd hair, because he wasn't white.

Said Bishop Brown, of Monkeytown, "Although a grievous case,
I'll guarantee, if you'll agree, to change your nigger face,
That you'll obtain their love again, so buoy yourself with hope,
And I'll give you a cake or two of **PEARS' Transparent Soap.**"

Then Bishop Q., of Wangaloo (his present safe to hand),
With visage bright, and spirits light, as any in the land,
And grateful heart, did now depart upon his homeward path,
And arm'd with hope, and **PEARS' Soap**, repair'd unto his bath.

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

With bow polite, complexion white, and hands of lily hue,
And noble mien, he did convene that Unpacific crew:
That sable flock of native stock, who, frighten'd and amaz'd,
For pardon to the Bishop Q. their supplications raised.

And thus with hope, and **PEARS' Soap**, and bath and water plain,
The love of all, both great and small, the Bishop did regain.
And now without a care or doubt, his features wreath'd in smiles,
Lives Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, in Unpacific Isles.

MORAL.

That cleanliness and godliness go ever hand in hand;
From maxims sage, of greatest age, we're led to understand.
The former clasp within your grasp (and for the latter hope),
By getting through a cake or two of **PEARS'** Transparent **Soap.**

And when you've tried, you will decide, without a single doubt,
That such a sweet and fragrant treat you'll never be without:
That all around will ne'er be found a maker that can cope,
In purity and quality with PEARS' Transparent Soap.